





THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
ROBERT SOUTHEY,
COLLECTED BY HIMSELF.

IN TEN VOLUMES.

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JUVENILE AND MINOR POEMS.

VOL. I.

What I was, is passed by.

WITHER.

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P R E F A C E.

THE earliest pieces in these Juvenile and Minor Poems were written before the writer had left school; between the date of these and of the latest there is an interval of six and forty years: as much difference, therefore, may be perceived in them, as in the different stages of life from boyhood to old age.

Some of the earliest appeared in a little volume published at Bath in the autumn of 1794, with this title:—"Poems, containing the Retrospect, &c. by Robert Lovell and Robert Southey, 1795;" and with this motto—

*Minuentur atræ
Carminè curæ.*

HORACE.

At the end of that volume, Joan of Arc was announced as to be published by subscription.

Others were published at Bristol, 1797, in a single volume, with this motto from Akenside:—

Goddess of the Lyre, —

with thee comes

Majestic Truth; and where Truth deigns to come
Her sister Liberty will not be far.

A second volume followed at Bristol in 1799, after the second edition of Joan of Arc, and commencing with the Vision of the Maid of Orleans. The motto to this was from the Epilogue to Spenser's *Shepherds' Calendar* :—

The better, please ; the worse, displease : I ask no more.

In the third edition of Joan of Arc, the Vision was printed separately, at the end ; and its place was supplied in the second edition of the Poems by miscellaneous pieces.

A separate volume, entitled “Metrical Tales and other Poems,” was published in 1805, with this advertisement :—“ These Poems were published some years ago in the *Annual Anthology*. (Bristol, 1799, 1800.) They have now been revised and printed in this collected form, because they have pleased those readers whom the Author was most desirous of pleasing. Let them be considered as the desultory productions of a man sedulously employed upon better things.”

These various pieces were re-arranged in three volumes, under the title of *Minor Poems*, in 1815, with this motto,

Nos hæc novimus esse nihil ;

and they were published a second time in the same form, 1823.

The *Ballads* and *Metrical Tales* contained in

those volumes, belong to a different part of this collection; their other contents are comprised here; and the present volume consists, with very few exceptions, of pieces written in youth or early manhood. One of these, written in my twentieth year, not having been published at the time, would never have been made public by my own act and deed; but as Wat Tyler obtained considerable notoriety upon its surreptitious publication, it seemed proper that a production which will be specially noticed whenever the author shall be delivered over to the biographers, should be included here. They who may desire to know more than is stated in the advertisement now prefixed to it, are referred to a Letter addressed to William Smith, Esq. M. P., 1817, reprinted in the second volume of my *Essays Moral and Political*, 1832.

The second volume of this part of the Collection contains one juvenile piece, and many which were written in early manhood. The remainder were composed in middle or later life, and comprise (with one exception, that will more conveniently be arranged elsewhere,) all the odes which as Poet Laureate I have written upon national occasions. Of these the *Carmen Triumphale*, and the *Carmina Aulica*, were separately published in quarto in 1814, and reprinted together in a little volume in 1821.

The Juvenile and Minor Poems in this Col-

lection bear an inconsiderable proportion to those of substantive length : for a small part only of my youthful effusions were spared from those autos-da-fe in which from time to time piles upon piles have been consumed. In middle life works of greater extent, or of a different kind, left me little leisure for occasional poetry ; the impulse ceased, and latterly the inclination was so seldom felt, that it required an effort to call it forth.

Sir William Davenant, in the Preface to *Gondibert*, “ took occasion to accuse and condemn all those hasty digestions of thought which were published in his youth ; a sentence, said he, not pronounced out of melancholy rigour, but from a cheerful obedience to the just authority of experience. For that grave mistress of the world, experience, (in whose profitable school those before the Flood stayed long, but we, like wanton children, come thither late, yet too soon are called out of it, and fetched home by death,) hath taught me that the engenderings of unripe age become abortive and deformed ; and that ’t is a high presumption to entertain a nation (who are a poet’s standing guest, and require monarchical respect,) with hasty provisions ; as if a poet might imitate the familiar despatch of falconers, mount his Pegasus, unhood his Muse, and, with a few flights, boast he hath provided a feast for a prince. Such posting upon

Pegasus I have long since foreborne." Yet this eminently thoughtful poet was so far from seeking to suppress the crude compositions which he thus condemned, that he often expressed a great desire to see all his pieces collected in one volume; and, conformably to his wish, they were so collected, after his decease, by his widow and his friend Herringman the bookseller.

Agreeing with Davenant in condemning the greater part of my juvenile pieces, it is only as crudities that I condemn them; for in all that I have written, whether in prose or verse, there has never been a line which for any compunctious reason, living or dying, I could wish to blot.

Davenant had not changed his opinion of his own youthful productions so as to overlook in his age the defects which he had once clearly perceived; but he knew that pieces which it would indeed have been presumptuous to re-produce on the score of their merit, might yet be deemed worthy of preservation on other grounds; that to his family and friends, and to those who might take any interest in English poetry hereafter, they would possess peculiar value, as characteristic memorials of one who had held no inconsiderable place in the literature of his own times; feeling, too, that he was not likely to be forgotten by posterity, he thought that after the specimen which he had produced in

his Gondibert of a great and elaborate poem, his early attempts would be regarded with curiosity by such of his successors as should, like him, study poetry as an art,—for as an art it must be studied by those who would excel in it, though excellence in it is not attainable by art alone.

The cases are very few in which any thing more can be inferred from juvenile poetry, than that the aspirant possesses imitative talent, and the power of versifying, for which, as for music, there must be a certain natural aptitude. It is not merely because “they have lacked culture and the inspiring aid of books*,” that so many poets who have been “sown by Nature,” have “wanted the accomplishment of verse,” and brought forth no fruit after their kind. Men of the highest culture, of whose poetical temperament no doubt can be entertained, and who had “taken to the height the measure of themselves,” have yet failed in their endeavour to become poets, for want of that accomplishment. It is frequently possessed without any other qualification, or any capacity for improvement; but then the innate and incurable defect that renders it abortive, is at once apparent.

The state of literature in this kingdom during the last fifty years has produced the same effect upon poetry that academies produce upon painting;

in both arts every possible assistance is afforded to imitative talents, and in both they are carried as far as the talent of imitation can reach. But there is one respect in which poetry differs widely from the sister arts. Its fairest promise frequently proves deceitful, whereas both in painting and music the early indications of genius are unequivocal. The children who were called musical prodigies, have become great musicians; and great painters, as far as their history is known, have displayed in childhood that accuracy of eye, and dexterity of hand, and shaping faculty, which are the prime requisites for their calling. But it is often found that young poets of whom great expectations were formed, have made no progress, and have even fallen short of their first performances. It may be said that this is because men apply themselves to music and to painting as their professions, but that no one makes poetry the business of his life. This, however, is not the only reason: the indications, as has already been observed, are far less certain; and the circumstances of society are far less favourable for the moral and intellectual culture which is required for all the higher branches of poetry, . . . all indeed that deserves the name.

My advice as to publishing, has often been asked by young poets, who suppose that experience has qualified me to give it, and who have not yet learnt

how seldom advice is taken, and how little therefore it is worth. As a general rule, it may be said that one who is not deceived in the estimate which he has formed of his own powers, can neither write too much in his youth, nor publish too little. It cannot, however, be needful to caution the present race of poetical adventurers against hurrying with their productions to the press, for there are obstacles enough in the way of publication. Looking back upon my own career, and acknowledging my imprudence in this respect, I have nevertheless no *cause to wish that I had pursued a different course.* In this, as in other circumstances of my life, I have reason to be thankful to that merciful Providence which shaped the ends that I had roughly hewn for myself.

Keswick, Sept. 30 1837.

TO
EDITH SOUTHEY.

WITH way-worn feet, a traveller woe-begone,
Life's upward road I journey'd many a day,
And framing many a sad yet soothing lay,
Beguiled the solitary hours with song.
Lonely my heart and rugged was the way,
Yet often pluck'd I, as I past along,
The wild and simple flowers of poesy;
And sometimes, unreflecting as a child,
Entwined the weeds which pleased a random eye.
Take thou the wreath, BELOVED! it is wild
And rudely garlanded; yet scorn not thou
The humble offering, where dark rosemary weaves
Amid gay flowers its melancholy leaves,
And myrtle gathered to adorn thy brow.

Bristol, 1796.

THE
TRIUMPH OF WOMAN.

*The Subject of this Poem is taken from the third and fourth
Chapters of the First Book of Esdras.*

TO

MARY WOLLSTONECRAFT.

THE lily cheek, the "purple light of love,"
The liquid lustre of the melting eye,..
Mary! of these the Poet sung, for these
Did Woman triumph;.... turn not thou away
Contemtuously from the theme. No Maid of Arc
Had, in those ages, for her country's cause
Wielded the sword of freedom; no Roland
Had borne the palm of female fortitude;
No Cordé with self-sacrificing zeal
Had glorified again the Avenger's name,
As erst when Cæsar perish'd: haply too
Some strains may hence be drawn, befitting me
To offer, nor unworthy thy regard.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

Bristol, 1795.

THE
TRIUMPH OF WOMAN.

GLAD as the weary traveller tempest-tost
To reach secure at length his native coast,
Who wandering long o'er distant lands hath sped,
The night-blast wildly howling round his head,
Known all the woes of want, and felt the storm 5
Of the bleak winter parch his shivering form ;
The journey o'er and every peril past
Beholds his little cottage-home at last,
And as he sees afar the smoke curl slow,
Feels his full eyes with transport overflow ; 10
So from the scene where Death and Misery reign,
And Vice and Folly drench with blood the plain,
Joyful I turn, to sing how Woman's praise
Avail'd again Jerusalem to raise,
Call'd forth the sanction of the Despot's nod, 15
And freed the nation best beloved of God.

Darius gives the feast ; to Persia's court,
Awed by his will, the obedient throng resort :
Attending Satraps swell their prince's pride, 19
And vanquish'd Monarchs grace the Conqueror's side.
No more the warrior wears the garb of war,
Girds on the sword, or mounts the scythed car ;
No more Judæa's sons dejected go,
And hang the head, and heave the sigh of woe.

From Persia's rugged hills descend the train, 25
From where Orontes foams along the plain,
From where Choaspes rolls his royal waves,
And India sends her sons, submissive slaves.
Thy daughters, Babylon, for this high feast 29
Weave the loose robe, and paint the flowery vest,
With roseate wreaths they braid the glossy hair,
They tinge the cheek which nature form'd so fair,
Learn the soft step, the soul-subduing glance,
Melt in the song, and swim adown the dance.
Exalted on the Monarch's golden throne, 35
In royal state the fair Apame shone ;
Her form of majesty, her eyes of fire,
Chill with respect, or kindle with desire ;
The admiring multitude her charms adore,
And own her worthy of the rank she bore. 40

Now on his couch reclined Darius lay,
Tired with the toilsome pleasures of the day ;
Without Judæa's watchful sons await,
To guard the sleeping idol of the state.
Three youths were these of Judah's royal race, 45
Three youths whom Nature dower'd with every grace,
To each the form of symmetry she gave,
And haughty genius cursed each favourite slave ;
These fill'd the cup, around the Monarch kept, 49
Served when he spake, and guarded while he slept.

Yet oft for Salem's hallow'd towers laid low
The sigh would heave, the unbidden tear would flow
And when the dull and wearying round of power
Allow'd Zorobabel one vacant hour,

He loved on Babylon's high wall to roam, 55
And lingering gaze toward his distant home ;
Or on Euphrates' willowy banks reclined
Hear the sad harp moan fitful to the wind.

As now the perfumed lamps stream wide their light,
And social converse cheers the livelong night, 60
Thus spake Zorobabel: " Too long in vain
For Zion desolate her sons complain ;
All hopelessly our years of sorrow flow,
And these proud heathen mock their captives' woe.
While Cyrus triumph'd here in victor state 65
A brighter prospect cheer'd our exiled fate ;
Our sacred walls again he bade us raise,
And to Jehovah rear the pile of praise.
Quickly these fond hopes faded from our eyes,
As the frail sun that gilds the wintry skies, 70
And spreads a moment's radiance o'er the plain,
Soon hid by clouds which dim the scene again.

" Opprest by Artaxerxes' jealous reign,
We vainly pleaded here, and wept in vain.
Now when Darius, chief of mild command, 75
Bids joy and pleasure fill the festive land,
Still shall we droop the head in sullen grief,
And sternly silent shun to seek relief?
What if amid the Monarch's mirthful throng
Our harps should echo to the cheerful song ?" 80

" Fair is the occasion," thus the one replied,
" Now then let all our tuneful skill be tried.

And while the courtiers quaff the smiling bowl,
And wine's strong fumes inspire the gladden'd soul,
Where all around is merriment, be mine 85
To strike the lute, and praise the power of Wine."

"And while," his friend rejoin'd, "in state alone,
Lord of the earth, Darius fills the throne,
Be yours the mighty power of Wine to sing,
My lute shall sound the praise of Persia's King." 90

To them Zorobabel: "On themes like these
Seek ye the Monarch of Mankind to please;
To Wine superior, or to Power's strong arms,
Be mine to sing resistless Woman's charms.
To him victorious in the rival lays 95
Shall just Darius give the meed of praise;
A purple robe his honour'd frame shall fold,
The beverage sparkle in his cup of gold;
A golden couch support his bed of rest,
The chain of honour grace his favour'd breast; 100
His the rich turban, his the car's array,
On Babylon's high wall to wheel its way;
And for his wisdom seated on the throne,
For the King's Cousin shall the Bard be known."

Intent they meditate the future lay, 105
And watch impatient for the dawn of day.
The morn rose clear, and shrill were heard the flute,
The cornet, sackbut, dulcimer, and lute;
To Babylon's gay streets the throng resort,
Swarm through the gates, and fill the festive court.

High on his throne Darius tower'd in pride, 111
The fair Apame graced her Sovereign's side :
And now she smiled, and now with mimic frown
Placed on her brow the Monarch's sacred crown.
In transport o'er her faultless form he bends, 115
Loves every look, and every act commends.

And now Darius bids the herald call
Judæa's Bards to grace the thronging hall.
Hush'd are all sounds, the attending crowd are mute,
And then the Hebrew gently touch'd the lute : 120

When the Traveller on his way,
Who has toil'd the livelong day,
Feels around on every side
The chilly mists of eventide,
Fatigued and faint his weary mind 125
Rekurs to all he leaves behind ;
He thinks upon the well-trimm'd hearth,
The evening hour of social mirth,
And her who at departing day
Weeps for her husband far away. 130
Oh give to him the flowing bowl !
Bid it renovate his soul !
Then shall sorrow sink to sleep,
And he who wept no more shall weep ;
For his care-clouded brow shall clear, 135
And his glad eye will sparkle through the tear.

When the poor man heart-opprest
Betakes him to his evening rest,

And worn with labour thinks in sorrow
On the labour of to-morrow ; 140
When repining at his lot
He hies him to his joyless cot,
And loathes to meet his children there,
The rivals for his scanty fare ;
Oh give to him the flowing bowl ! 145
Bid it renovate his soul !
The generous juice with magic power
Shall cheat with happiness the hour,
And with each warm affection fill 149
The heart by want and wretchedness made chill.

When, at the dim close of day,
The Captive loves alone to stray
Along the haunts recluse and rude
Of sorrow and of solitude ;
When he sits with mournful eye 155
To mark the lingering radiance die,
And lets distempered fancy roam
Amid the ruins of his home ; . .
Oh give to him the flowing bowl !
Bid it renovate his soul ! 160
The bowl shall better thoughts bestow,
And lull to rest his wakeful woe,
And joy shall gild the evening hour,
And make the Captive Fortune's conqueror

When the wearying cares of state 165
Oppress the Monarch with their weight,
When from his pomp retired alone
He feels the duties of the throne,

Feels that the multitude below
 Depend on him for weal or woe ; 170
 When his powerful will may bless
 A realm with peace and happiness,
 Or with desolating breath
 Breathe ruin round, and woe, and death ;
 Oh give to him the flowing bowl ! 175
 Bid it humanize his soul !
 He shall not feel the empire's weight,
 He shall not feel the cares of state,
 The bowl shall each dark thought beguile,
 And Nations live and prosper from his smile. 180

Hush'd was the lute, the Hebrew ceased the song,
 Long peals of plaudits echoed from the throng ;
 All tongues the liberal words of praise repaid,
 On every cheek a smile applauding play'd ;
 The rival Bard approach'd, he struck the string,
 And pour'd the loftier song to Persia's King. 186

Why should the wearying cares of state
 Oppress the Monarch with their weight ?
 Alike to him if peace shall bless
 The multitude with happiness ; 190
 Alike to him if frenzied War
 Career triumphant on the embattled plain,
 And rolling on o'er myriads slain,
 With gore and wounds shall clog his scythed car.
 What though the tempest rage ? no sound 195
 Of the deep thunder shakes his distant throne ;
 And the red flash that spreads destruction round,
 Reflects a glorious splendour on the crown.

Where is the Man who with ennobling pride
Regards not his own nature? where is he 200
Who without awe can see
The mysteries of the human mind,
The miniature of Deity?
For Man the vernal clouds descending
Shower down their fertilizing rain; 205
For Man the ripen'd harvest bending
Waves with soft murmur o'er the plenteous plain.
He spreads the sail to catch the favouring gale,
Or sweeps with oars the main;
For him the winds of heaven subservient blow, 210
Earth teems for him, for him the waters flow,
He thinks, and wills, and acts, a Deity below!

Where is the King who with elating pride
Sees not this Man, this godlike Man his slave?
Mean are the mighty by the Monarch's side; 215
Alike the wise, alike the brave
With timid step and pale, advance,
And tremble at the royal glance;
Suspended millions watch his breath,
Whose smile is happiness, whose frown is death.

Why goes the Peasant from that little cot, 221
Where Peace and Love have blest his humble life?
In vain his wretched wife
With tears bedews her husband's face,
And clasps him in a long and last embrace; 225
In vain his children round his bosom creep,
And weep to see their mother weep,
Fettering their father with their little arms!
What are to him the war's alarms?

What are to him the distant foes ? 230
He at the earliest dawn of day
To daily labour went his way,
And when he saw the sun decline,
He sate in peace beneath his vine.
The King commands, the peasant goes, 235
From all he loved on earth he flies, [dies.
And for his monarch toils, and fights, and bleeds, and

What though yon city's castled wall
Cast o'er the darken'd plain its crested shade?
What though her Priests in earnest terror call
On all their host of Gods to aid ? 241
Vain is the bulwark, vain the tower !
In vain her gallant youth expose
Their breasts, a bulwark, to the foes !
In vain at that tremendous hour, 245
Clasp'd in the savage soldier's reeking arms,
Shrieks to deaf Heaven the violated Maid !
By the rude hand of Ruin scatter'd round,
Their moss-grown towers shall spread the desert
Low shall the mouldering palace lie, [ground.
Amid the princely halls the grass wave high,
And through the shatter'd roof descend the incle-
ment sky. 252

Gay o'er the embattled plain
Moves yonder warrior train,
Their banners wanton on the morning gale ; 255
Full on their bucklers beams the rising ray,
Their glittering helms give glory to the day ;
The shout of war rings echoing o'er the vale.

Far reaches as the aching eye can strain
 The splendid horror of their wide array. 260
 Ah ! not in vain expectant, o'er
 Their glorious pomp the vultures soar !
 Amid the Conqueror's palace high
 Shall sound the song of victory ;
 Long after journeying o'er the plain 265
 The traveller shall with startled eye
 See their white bones then blanched by many a
 winter sky.

Lord of the earth ! we will not raise
 The temple to thy bounded praise ;
 For thee no victim need expire, 270
 For thee no altar blaze with hallow'd fire ;
 The burning City flames for thee,
 Thine Altar is the field of victory !
 Thy sacred Majesty to bless
 Man a self-offer'd victim freely flies ; 275
 To thee he sacrifices happiness
 And peace, and Love's endearing ties ;
 To thee a Slave he lives, for thee a Slave he dies.

Hush'd was the lute, the Hebrew ceased to sing ;
 The shout burst forth, " For ever live the King !"
 Loud was the uproar, as when Rome's decree 281
 Pronounced Achaia once again was free ;
 Assembled Greece enrapt with fond belief
 Heard the false boon, and bless'd the treacherous
 Chief.
 Each breast with freedom's holy ardour glows, 285
 From every voice the cry of rapture rose ;

Their thundering clamours rend the astonished sky,
And birds o'erpassing hear, and drop, and die.
Thus o'er the Persian dome their plaudits ring, 289
And the high hall re-echoed . . . "Live the King!"
The mutes bow'd reverent down before their Lord,
The assembled Satraps envied and adored,
Joy sparkled in the Monarch's conscious eyes,
And his pleased pride already doom'd the prize.

Silent they saw Zorobabel advance : 295
He to Apame turn'd his timid glance ;
With downward eye he paused, a moment mute,
Then with light finger touch'd the softer lute.
Apame knew the Hebrew's grateful cause,
And bent her head, and sweetly smiled applause.

Why is the warrior's cheek so red ? 301
Why downward droops his musing head ?
Why that slow step, that faint advance,
That keen yet quick retreating glance ?
That crested head in war tower'd high, 305
No backward glance disgraced that eye,
No flushing fear that cheek o'erspread,
When stern he strode o'er heaps of dead :
Strange tumult now his bosom moves, . .
The Warrior fears because he loves. 310

Why does the Youth delight to rove
Amid the dark and lonely grove ?
Why in the throng where all are gay,
With absent eyes from gaiety distraught,
Sits he alone in silent thought ? 315

Silent he sits, for far away
 His passion'd soul delights to stray ;
 Recluse he roves as if he fain would shun
 All human-kind, because he loves but One !

Yes, King of Persia, thou art blest ! 320
 But not because the sparkling bowl
 To rapture elevates thy waken'd soul ;
 But not because of power possesst ;
 Nor that the Nations dread thy nod,
 And Princes reverence thee their earthly God ! 325
 Even on a monarch's solitude
 Will Care, dark visitant, intrude ;
 The bowl brief pleasure can bestow ;
 The purple cannot shield from woe ;
 But, King of Persia, thou art blest, 330
 For Heaven who raised thee thus the world above,
 Hath made thee happy in Apame's love !

Oh ! I have seen him fondly trace
 The heavenly features of her face,
 Rove o'er her form with eager eye, 335
 And sigh and gaze, and gaze and sigh.
 See ! from his brow with mimic frown
 Apame takes the sacred crown ;
 Those sparkling eyes, that radiant face,
 Give to the diadem new grace : 340
 And subject to a Woman's laws,
 Darius sees, and smiles applause !

He ceased, and silent still remain'd the throng,
 While rapt attention own'd the power of song.

Then, loud as when the wintry whirlwinds blow, 345
 From every voice the thundering plaudits flow,
 Darius smiled, Apame's sparkling eyes
 Glanced on the King, and Woman won the prize.

Now silent sate the expectant crowd : Alone
 The victor Hebrew gazed not on the throne ; 350
 With deeper hue his cheek distemper'd glows,
 With statelier stature loftier now he rose ;
 Heavenward he gazed, regardless of the throng,
 And pour'd with awful voice sublimer song.

“ Ancient of days ! Eternal Truth ! one hymn,
 One holier strain the Bard shall raise to Thee, 356
 Thee Powerful ! Thee Benevolent ! Thee Just !
 Friend ! Father ! All in all ! . . The Vine's rich blood,
 The Monarch's might, and Woman's conquering
 charms,

These shall we praise alone ? . . O ye who sit 360
 Beneath your vine, and quaff at evening hour
 The healthful bowl, remember Him whose dews,
 Whose rains, whose sun, matured the growing fruit,
 Creator and Preserver ! . . Reverence Him,
 O Thou who from thy throne dispensest life 365
 And death, for He hath delegated power,
 And thou shalt one day at the throne of God
 Render thy strict account ! . . . And ye who gaze
 Enrapt on Beauty's fascinating form,
 Gaze on with love ; and loving beauty, learn 370
 To shun abhorrent all the mental eye
 Beholds deform'd and foul ; for so shall Love

Climb to the source of goodness. God of Truth!
All-Just! All-Mighty! I should ill deserve
Thy noblest gift, the gift divine of song, 375
If, so content with ear-deep melodies
To please all-profitless, I did not pour
Severer strains, . . of Truth . . eternal Truth,
Unchanging Justice, universal Love.
Such strains awake the Soul to loftiest thoughts;
Such strains the blessed Spirits of the Good 381
Waft, grateful incense, to the Halls of Heaven."

The dying notes still murmur'd on the string,
When from his throne arose the raptur'd King.
About to speak he stood, and waved his hand, 385
And all expectant sate the obedient band.

Then just and generous, thus the Monarch cries,
"Be thine, Zorobabel, the well-earn'd prize.
The purple robe of state thy form shall fold,
The beverage sparkle in thy cup of gold, 390
The golden couch, the car, and honour'd chain,
Requite the merits of thy favour'd strain,
And raised supreme the ennobled race among,
Be call'd My Cousin for the victor song.
Nor these alone the victor song shall bless, 395
Ask what thou wilt, and what thou wilt possess."

"Fallen is Jerusalem!" the Hebrew cries,
And patriot anguish fills his streaming eyes,
"Hurl'd to the earth by Rapine's vengeful rod,
Polluted lies the temple of our God; 400

Far in a foreign land her sons remain,
Hear the keen taunt, and drag the galling chain;
In fruitless woe they wear the weary years,
And steep the bread of bitterness in tears.
O Monarch, greatest, mildest, best of men, 405
Restore us to those ruin'd walls again !
Allow us to rebuild that sacred dome,
To live in liberty, and die at Home."

So spake Zorobabel. — Thus Woman's praise
Avail'd again Jerusalem to raise, 410
Call'd forth the sanction of the Despot's nod,
And freed the Nation best beloved of God.

Brixton Causeway, 1793.

WAT TYLER;

A DRAMA.

TWENTY years ago, upon the surreptitious publication of this notable Drama, and the use which was made of it, I said what it then became me to say in a letter to one of those gentlemen who thought proper to revile me, not for having entertained democratical opinions, but for having outgrown them, and learnt to appreciate and to defend the institutions of my country.

Had I written lewdly in my youth, like Beza,—like Beza, I would ask pardon of God and man; and no considerations should induce me to reprint what I could never think of without sorrow and shame. Had I at any time, like St. Augustine, taught doctrines which I afterwards perceived to be erroneous,—and if, as in his case, my position in society, and the estimation in which I was held, gave weight to what I had advanced, and made those errors dangerous to others, — like St. Augustine, I would publish my re-

tractations, and endeavour to counteract the evil which, though erringly, with no evil intention, I had caused.

Wherefore then, it may be asked, have I included Wat Tyler in this authentic collection of my poetical works? For these reasons,—that it may not be supposed I think it any reproach to have written it, or that I am more ashamed of having been a republican, than of having been a boy. *Quicunque ista lecturi sunt, non me imitentur errantem, sed in melius proficientem. Inveniet enim fortasse, quomodo scribendo profecerim, quisquis opuscula mea, ordine quo scripta sunt, legerit.**

I have endeavoured to correct in my other juvenile pieces such faults as were corrigible. But Wat Tyler appears just as it was written, in the course of three mornings, in 1794; the stolen copy, which was committed to the press twenty-three years afterwards, not having undergone the slightest correction of any kind.

* St. Augustine.

WAT TYLER.

ACT I.

SCENE. *A Blacksmith's shop; Wat Tyler at work within; a May-pole before the door.*

ALICE, PIERS, &c.

SONG.

CHEERFUL on this holiday,
Welcome we the merry May.

On every sunny hillock spread,
The pale primrose lifts her head;
Rich with sweets, the western gale
Sweeps along the cowslip'd dale;
Every bank, with violets gay,
Smiles to welcome in the May.

The linnet from the budding grove,
Chirps her vernal song of love.
The copse resounds the throstle's notes,
On each wild gale sweet music floats;
And melody from every spray,
Welcomes in the merry May.

Cheerful on this holiday,
Welcome we the merry May. [*Dance.*

[*During the dance, Tyler lays down his hammer, and sits mournfully down before the door.*

Hob Carter. Why so sad, neighbour?—do not these gay sports,

This revelry of youth, recall the days
When we too mingled in the revelry,
And lightly tripping in the morris dance,
Welcomed the merry month?

Tyler. Ay, we were young,
No cares had quell'd the heyday of the blood :
We sported deftly in the April morning,
Nor mark'd the black clouds gathering o'er our noon,
Nor fear'd the storm of night.

Hob. Beshrew me, Tyler,
But my heart joys to see the imps so cheerful !
Young, hale, and happy, why should they destroy
These blessings by reflection

Tyler. Look ye, neighbour—
You have known me long.

Hob. Since we were boys together,
And play'd at barley-brake, and danced the morris.
Some five-and-twenty years !

Tyler. Was not *I* young,
And hale, and happy?

Hob. Cheerful as the best.

Tyler. Have not I been astaid, hard-working man?
Up with the lark at labour ; sober, honest,
Of an unblemish'd character?

Hob. Who doubts it?
There's never a man in Essex bears a better.

Tyler. And shall not these, though young, and
hale, and happy,

Look on with sorrow to the future hour ?
 Shall not reflection poison all their pleasures ?
 When I—the honest, staid, hard-working Tyler,
 Toil through the long course of the summer's day,
 Still toiling, yet still poor ! when with hard labour
 Scarce can I furnish out my daily food,
 And age comes on to steal away my strength,
 And leave me poor and wretched ! Why should this be ?
 My youth was regular—my labour constant—
 I married an industrious, virtuous woman ;
 Nor while I toil'd and sweated at the anvil,
 Sat she neglectful of her spinning-wheel.
 Hob ! I have only six groats in the world,
 And they must soon by law be taken from me.

Hob. Curse on these taxes—one succeeds another—
 Our ministers, panders of a king's will,
 Drain all our wealth away, waste it in revels,
 And lure, or force away our boys, who should be
 The props of our old age, to fill their armies,
 And feed the crows of France. Year follows year,
 And still we madly prosecute the war ;
 Draining our wealth, distressing our poor peasants,
 Slaughtering our youths—and all to crown our chiefs
 With glory !—I detest the hell-sprung name.

Tyler. What matters me who wears the crown of
 France ?
 Whether a Richard or a Charles possess it ?
 They reap the glory—they enjoy the spoil—
 We pay—we bleed ! The sun would shine as cheerly,
 The rains of heaven as seasonably fall,
 Though neither of these royal pests existed.

Hob. Nay, as for that we poor men should fare better ;

No legal robbers then should force away
The hard-earn'd wages of our honest toil.
The Parliament for ever cries *more money*,
The service of the state demands more money ;
Just heaven ! of what service is the state ?

Tyler. Oh, 't is of vast importance ! who should
pay for

The luxuries and riots of the court ?
Who should support the flaunting courtier's pride,
Pay for their midnight revels, their rich garments,
Did not the state enforce ? — Think ye, my friend,
That I, a humble blacksmith, here at Deptford,
Would part with these six groats — earn'd by hard toil,
All that I have ! to massacre the Frenchmen,
Murder as enemies men I never saw !
Did not the state compel me ?

(*Tax-gatherers pass by.*) There they go,
Privileged ruffians ! [*Piers & Alice advance to him.*]

Alice. Did we not dance it well to-day, my father ?
You know I always loved these village sports,
Even from my infancy, and yet methinks
I never tripp'd along the mead so gaily.
You know they chose me queen, and your friend Piers
Wreathed me this cowslip garland for my head —
Is it not simple ? — You are sad my father !
You should have rested from your work to-day,
And given a few hours up to merriment —
But you are so serious !

Tyler. Serious, my good girl !
I may well be so : when I look at thee
It makes me sad ! thou art too fair a flower
To bear the wintry wind of poverty.

Piers. Yet I have often heard you speak of riches
Even with contempt; they cannot purchase peace,
Or innocence, or virtue; sounder sleep
Waits on the weary ploughman's lowly bed,
Than on the downy couch of luxury
Lulls the rich slave of pride and indolence.
I never wish for wealth; my arm is strong,
And I can purchase by it a coarse meal,
And hunger savours it.

Tyler. Young man, thy mind
Has yet to learn the hard lesson of experience.
Thou art yet young: the blasting breath of want
Has not yet froze the current of thy blood.

Piers. Fare not the birds well, as from spray to
spray,
Blithesome they bound, yet find their simple food
Scatter'd abundantly?

Tyler. No fancied boundaries of mine and thine
Restrain their wanderings. Nature gives enough
For all; but Man, with arrogant selfishness,
Proud of his heaps, hoards up superfluous stores
Robb'd from his weaker fellows, starves the poor,
Or gives to pity what he owes to justice!

Piers. So I have heard our good friend John Ball
preach. [prison'd?

Alice. My father, wherefore was John Ball im-
Was he not charitable, good, and pious?
I have heard him say that all mankind are brethren,
And that like brethren they should love each other;
Was not that doctrine pious?

Tyler. Rank sedition—
High treason, every syllable, my child!

The priests cry out on him for heresy,
The nobles all detest him as a rebel,
And this good man, this minister of Christ,
This man, the friend and brother of mankind,
Lingers in the dark dungeon!—My dear Alice,
Retire awhile. *[Exit Alice.]*

Piers, I would speak to thee,
Even with a father's love! you are much with me,
And I believe do court my conversation;
Thou could'st not choose thee forth a truer friend.
I would fain see thee happy, but I fear
Thy very virtues will destroy thy peace.
My daughter — she is young — not yet fifteen:
Piers, thou art generous, and thy youthful heart
Warm with affection; this close intimacy
Will ere long grow to love.

Piers. Suppose it so;
Were that an evil, Walter? She is mild
And cheerful, and industrious: — now methinks
With such a partner life would be most happy!
Why would ye warn me then of wretchedness?
Is there an evil that can harm our lot?
I have been told the virtuous must be happy,
And have believed it true: tell me, my friend,
What shall disturb the virtuous?

Tyler. Poverty,
A bitter foe.

Piers. Nay, you have often told me
That happiness does not consist in riches.

Tyler. It is most true; but tell me, my dear boy,
Could'st thou be happy to behold thy wife
Pining with want? the children of your loves

Clad in the squalid rags of wretchedness ?
And, when thy hard and unremitting toil
Had earn'd with pain a scanty recompense,
Could'st thou be patient when the law should rob thee
And leave thee without bread and pennyless ?

Piers. It is a dreadful picture.

Tyler. 'Tis a true one.

Piers. But yet methinks our sober industry
Might drive away the danger ! 'tis but little
That I could wish ; food for our frugal meals,
Raiment, however homely, and a bed
To shield us from the night.

Tyler. Thy honest reason
Could wish no more : but were it not most wretched
To want the coarse food for the frugal meal ?
And by the orders of your merciless lord,
If you by chance were guilty of being poor,
To be turn'd out adrift to the bleak world,
Unhoused, unfriended ?—*Piers*, I have not been idle,
I never ate the bread of indolence ;
Could *Alice* be more thrifty than her mother ?
Yet with but one child,—and that one how good,
Thou knowest,—I scarcely can provide the wants
Of nature : look at these wolves of the law,
They come to drain me of my hard-earn'd wages.
I have already paid the heavy tax
Laid on the wool that clothes me, on my leather,
On all the needful articles of life !
And now three groats (and I work'd hard to earn them)
The Parliament demands—and I must pay them,
Forsooth, for liberty to wear my head.

[*Enter Tax-gatherers.*

Collector. Three groats a head for all your family.

Piers. Why is this money gather'd ? 'tis a hard tax
On the poor labourer ! It can never be
That Government should thus distress the people.
Go to the rich for money—honest labour
Ought to enjoy its fruits.

Collector. The state wants money,
War is expensive—'tis a glorious war,
A war of honour, and must be supported.—
Three groats a head.

Tyler. There, three for my own head,
Three for my wife's ; what will the state tax next ?

Collector. You have a daughter.

Tyler. She is below the age—not yet fifteen.

Collector. You would evade the tax.

Tyler. Sir Officer,
I have paid you fairly what the law demands.

[*Alice and her mother enter the shop. The Tax-gatherers go to her. One of them lays hold of her. She screams.—Tyler goes in.*

Collector. You say she's under age.

[*Alice screams again. Tyler knocks out the Tax-gatherer's brains. His companions fly.*

Piers. A just revenge.

Tyler. Most just indeed ; but in the eye of the law
'Tis murder : and the murderer's lot is mine.

[*Piers goes out—Tyler sits down mournfully.*

Alice. Fly, my dear father ! let us leave this place
Before they raise pursuit.

Tyler. Nay, nay, my child,
Flight would be useless—I have done my duty ;

I have punish'd the brute insolence of lust,
And here will wait my doom.

Wife. Oh, let us fly,
My husband, my dear husband!

Alice. Quit but this place,
And we may yet be safe, and happy too.

Tyler. It would be useless, Alice; 't would but
lengthen

A wretched life in fear.

[*Cry without, Liberty, Liberty! Enter Mob, HOB
CARTER, &c. crying Liberty! Liberty! No
Poll-tax! No War!*

Hob. We have broke our chains, we will arise in
anger,
The mighty multitude shall trample down
The handful that oppress them.

Tyler. Have ye heard
So soon then of my murder?

Hob. Of your vengeance.
Piers ran throughout the village: told the news—
Cried out, to arms!—arm, arm for liberty;
For Liberty and Justice!

Tyler. My good friends,
Heed well your danger, or be resolute!
Learn to laugh menaces and force to scorn,
Or leave me. I dare answer the bold deed—
Death must come once: return ye to your homes,
Protect my wife and child, and on my grave
Write why I died; perhaps the time may come,
When honest Justice shall applaud the deed.

Hob. Nay, nay, we are oppress'd, and have too
long

Knelt at our proud lords' feet ; we have too long
Obey'd their orders, bow'd to their caprices,
Sweated for them the wearying summer's day,
Wasted for them the wages of our toil,
Fought for them, conquer'd for them, bled for them,
Still to be trampled on, and still despised !
But we have broke our chains.

Tom Miller. Piers is gone on
Through all the neighbouring villages, to spread
The glorious tidings.

Hob. He is hurried on
To Maidstone, to deliver good John Ball,
Our friend, our shepherd. [*Mob increases.*]

Tyler. Friends and Countrymen,
Will ye then rise to save an honest man
From the fierce clutches of the bloody law ?
(Oh, do not call to mind my private wrongs, [me,
That the state drain'd my hard-earn'd pittance from
That, of his office proud, the foul Collector
Durst with lewd hand seize on my darling child,
Insult her maiden modesty, and force
A father's hand to vengeance ; heed not this ;
Think not, my countrymen, on private wrongs,
Remember what yourselves have long endured ;
Think of the insults, wrongs, and contumelies,
Ye bear from your proud lords—that your hard toil
Manures their fertile fields—you plough the earth,
You sow the corn, you reap the ripen'd harvest,—
They riot on the produce !—that, like beasts,
They sell you with their land, claim all the fruits
Which the kindly earth produces, as their own,
The privilege, forsooth of noble birth !

On, on to freedom ; feel but your own strength,
Be but resolved, and these destructive tyrants
Shall shrink before your vengeance.

Hob. On to London,—
The tidings fly before us—the court trembles,—
Liberty—Vengeance—Justice.

ACT II.

SCENE I. *Blackheath.*

TYLER, HOB, &c.

SONG.

‘ When Adam delved and Eve span,
Who was then the gentleman ? ’

Wretched is the infant’s lot,
Born within the straw-roof’d cot ;
Be he generous, wise, or brave,
He must only be a slave.
Long, long labour, little rest,
Still to toil to be oppress’d ;
Drain’d by taxes of his store,
Punish’d next for being poor :
This is the poor wretch’s lot,
Born within the straw-roof’d cot.

While the peasant works, — to sleep,
What the peasant sows, — to reap,

On the couch of ease to lie,
Rioting in revelry;
Be he villain, be he fool,
Still to hold despotic rule,
Trampling on his slaves with scorn!
This is to be nobly born.

‘ When Adam delved and Eve span,
Who was then the gentleman ? ’

Jack Straw. The mob are up in London—the
proud courtiers
Begin to tremble.

Tom Miller. Aye, aye, ’tis time to tremble:
Who’ll plough their fields, who’ll do their drudgery
now,

And work like horses to give them the harvest ?

Jack Straw. I only wonder we lay quiet so long.
We had always the same strength ; and we deserved
The ills we met with for not using it.

Hob. Why do we fear those animals call’d lords ?
What is there in the name to frighten us ?
Is not my arm as mighty as a Baron’s ?

Enter PIERS and JOHN BALL.

Piers (to Tyler). Have I done well, my father ?—
I remember’d

This good man lay in prison.

Tyler. My dear child,
Most well ; the people rise for liberty,
And their first deed should be to break the chains
That bind the virtuous :—Oh, thou honest priest,
How much hast thou endured !

John Ball. Why, aye, my friend !
These squalid rags bespeak what I have suffer'd.
I was reviled, insulted, left to languish
In a damp dungeon ; but I bore it cheerily —
My heart was glad — for I had done my duty.
I pitied my oppressors, and I sorrow'd
For the poor men of England.

Tyler. They have felt
Their strength: look round this heath ; 'tis throng'd
with men
Ardent for freedom : mighty is the event
That waits their fortune.

John Ball. I would fain address them.

Tyler. Do so, my friend, and preach to them
their duty.
Remind them of their long-withholden rights.
What ho ! there ; silence !

Piers. Silence, there, my friends,
This good man would address you.

Hob. Aye, aye, hear him ;
He is no mealy-mouth'd court-orator,
To flatter vice, and pamper lordly pride.

John Ball. Friends, brethren ! for ye are my
brethren all ;
Englishmen, met in arms to advocate
The cause of freedom, hear me ; pause awhile
In the career of vengeance !—It is true
I am a priest, but, as these rags may speak,
Not one who riots in the poor man's spoil,
Or trades with his religion. I am one
Who preach the law of Christ ; and, in my life,
Would practise what he taught. The Son of God

Came not to you in power: humble in mien,
Lowly in heart, the man of Nazareth
Preach'd mercy, justice, love: "Woe unto ye,
Ye that are rich: if that ye would be saved
Sell that ye have, and give unto the poor."
So taught the Saviour: Oh, my honest friends,
Have ye not felt the strong indignant throb
Of justice in your bosoms, to behold
The lordly Baron feasting on your spoils?
Have you not in your hearts arraign'd the lot
That gave him on the couch of luxury
To pillow his head, and pass the festive day
In sportive feasts, and ease, and revelry?
Have you not often in your conscience ask'd,
Why is the difference; wherefore should that man,
No worthier than myself, thus lord it over me,
And bid me labour, and enjoy the fruits?
The God within your breasts has argued thus:
The voice of truth has murmur'd. Came ye not
As helpless to the world? Shines not the sun
With equal ray on both? Do ye not feel
The self-same winds of heaven as keenly parch ye?
Abundant is the earth—the Sire of all,
Saw and pronounced that it was very good.
Look round: the vernal fields smile with new flowers,
The budding orchard perfumes the sweet breeze,
And the green corn waves to the passing gale.
There is enough for all; but your proud Baron
Stands up, and, arrogant of strength, exclaims,
"I am a Lord—by nature I am noble:
These fields are mine, for I was born to them,
I was born in the castle—you, poor wretches,

Whelp'd in the cottage are by birth my slaves."

Almighty God ! such blasphemies are utter'd :

Almighty God ! such blasphemies believed !

Tom Miller. This is something like a sermon.

Jack Straw. Where's the bishop

Would tell you truths like these ? [apostles.

Hob. There never was a bishop among all the ✓

John Ball. My brethren —

Piers. Silence ; the good priest speaks.

John Ball. My brethren, these are truths, and
weighty ones,

Ye are all equal : nature made ye so.

Equality is your birthright.—When I gaze

On the proud palace, and behold one man

In the blood purpled robes of royalty,

Feasting at ease, and lording over millions,

Then turn me to the hut of poverty,

And see the wretched labourer worn with toil,

Divide his scanty morsel with his infants,

I sicken, and indignant at the sight,

" Blush for the patience of humanity."

Jack Straw. We will assert our rights.

Tom Miller. We'll trample down
These insolent oppressors.

John Ball. In good truth,

Ye have cause for anger : but, my honest friends,

Is it revenge or justice that ye seek ?

Mob. Justice ! Justice !

John Ball. Oh, then remember mercy ;

And though your proud oppressors spare not you,

Show you excel them in humanity.

They will use every art to disunite you ;

To conquer separately, by stratagem,
Whom in a mass they fear;—but be ye firm;
Boldly demand your long-forgotten rights,
Your sacred, your inalienable freedom.
- Be bold—be resolute—be merciful :
And while you spurn the hated name of slaves,
Show you are men.
Mob. Long live our honest priest.
Jack Straw. He shall be made archbishop.
John Ball. My brethren, I am plain John Ball,
your friend,
Your equal : by the law of Christ enjoin'd
To serve you, not command.
Jack Straw. March we for London.
Tyler. Mark me, my friends—we rise for Liberty—
Justice shall be our guide : let no man dare
To plunder in the tumult.
Mob. Lead us on. Liberty ! Justice !
[*Exeunt, with cries of Liberty ! No Poll-tax !*
No War.

SCENE II.

The Tower.

KING RICHARD, ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY,
SIR JOHN TRESILIAN, WALWORTH, PHILPOT.

King. What must we do ? the danger grows more
imminent.
The mob increases.
Philpot. Every moment brings
Fresh tidings of our peril.
King. It were well
To grant them what they ask.

Archbishop. Aye, that my liege
Were politic. Go boldly forth to meet them,
Grant all they ask—however wild and ruinous—
Meantime, the troops you have already summon'd
Will gather round them. Then my Christian power
Absolves you of your promise.

Walworth. Were but their ringleaders cut off,
the rabble
Would soon disperse.

Philpot. United in a mass,
There's nothing can resist them—once divide them
And they will fall an easy sacrifice.

Archbishop. Lull them by promises—bespeak them
fair.

Go forth, my liege—spare not, if need requires
A solemn oath to ratify the treaty.

King. I dread their fury.

Archbishop. 'Tis a needless dread,
There is divinity about your person ;
It is the sacred privilege of Kings,
Howe'er they act, to render no account
To man. The people have been taught this lesson,
Nor can they soon forget it.

King. I will go—
I will submit to everything they ask ;
My day of triumph will arrive at last. [*Shouts without.*]

Enter Messenger.

Messenger. The mob are at the city gates.

Archbishop. Haste! Haste!
Address them ere too late. I'll remain here,
For they detest me much. [*Shouts again.*]

Enter another Messenger.

Mess. The Londoners have open'd the city gates,
The rebels are admitted. [mayor,

King. Fear then must give me courage. My lord
Come you with me. [Exeunt. Shouts without.

SCENE III.

Smithfield.

WAT TYLER, JOHN BALL, PIERS, &c. *Mob.*

Piers. So far triumphant are we. How these nobles,
These petty tyrants, who so long oppress'd us,
Shrink at the first resistance.

Hob. They were powerful
Only because we fondly thought them so.
Where is Jack Straw?

Tyler. Jack Straw is gone to the Tower
To seize the king, and so to end resistance.

John Ball. It was well judged; fain would I spare
the shedding
Of human blood: gain we that royal puppet
And all will follow fairly; deprived of him,
The nobles lose their pretext, nor will dare
Rebel against the people's majesty.

Enter Herald.

Herald. Richard the Second, by the grace of God,
Of England, Ireland, France, and Scotland, King,
And of the town of Berwick-upon-Tweed,
Would parley with Wat Tyler.

Tyler. Let him know

Wat Tyler is in Smithfield. [*Exit Herald.*]—I will
parley

With this young monarch: as he comes to me,
Trusting my honour, on your lives I charge you
Let none attempt to harm him.

John Ball. The faith of courts
Is but a weak dependence. You are honest—
And better is it even to die the victim
Of credulous honesty, than live preserved
By the cold policy that still suspects.

Enter KING, WALWORTH, PHILPOT, &c.

King. I would speak to thee, Wat Tyler: bid
the mob
Retire awhile.

Piers. Nay, do not go alone—
Let me attend you.

Tyler. Wherefore should I fear?
Am I not arm'd with a just cause? Retire,
And I will boldly plead the cause of Freedom.

[*Advances.*

King. Tyler, why have you kill'd my officer,
And led my honest subjects from their homes,
Thus to rebel against the Lord's anointed?

Tyler. Because they were oppress'd.

King. Was this the way
To remedy the ill? You should have tried
By milder means—petition'd at the throne—
The throne will always listen to petitions.

Tyler. King of England,
Petitioning for pity is most weak—
The sovereign people ought to demand justice.

I kill'd your officer, for his lewd hand
Insulted a maid's modesty. Your subjects
I lead to rebel against the Lord's anointed,
Because his ministers have made him odious,
His yoke is heavy, and his burden grievous.
Why do we carry on this fatal war,
To force upon the French a king they hate,
'Tearing our young men from their peaceful homes,
Forcing his hard-earn'd fruits from the honest peasant,
Distressing us to desolate our neighbours?
Why is this ruinous poll-tax imposed,
But to support your court's extravagance,
And your mad title to the crown of France?
Shall we sit tamely down beneath these evils
Petitioning for pity? King of England,
Why are we sold like cattle in your markets —
Deprived of every privilege of man?
Must we lie tamely at our tyrant's feet,
And, like your spaniels, lick the hand that beats us?
You sit at ease in your gay palaces,
The costly banquet courts your appetite,
Sweet music soothes your slumbers : we the while,
Scarce by hard toil can earn a little food,
And sleep scarce shelter'd from the cold night wind ;
Whilst your wild projects wrests the little from us
Which might have cheer'd the wintry hour of age.
The parliament for ever asks more money ;
We toil and sweat for money for your taxes :
Where is the benefit, what good reap we
From all the counsels of your government?
Think you that we should quarrel with the French?
What boots to us your victories, your glory :

We pay, we fight, you profit at your ease.
Do you not claim the country as your own?
Do you not call the venison of the forest,
The birds of heaven your own?—prohibiting us,
Even though in want of food, to seize the prey
Which nature offers. King! is all this just?
Think you, we do not feel the wrongs we suffer?
The hour of retribution is at hand,
And tyrants tremble—mark me, King of England
Walworth—(comes behind him, and stabs him.)
Insolent rebel, threatening the King!

Piers. Vengeance! Vengeance!

Hob. Seize the King.

King. I must be bold. (*Advancing*)

My friends and loving subjects,
I will grant you all you ask; you shall be free—
The tax shall be repeal'd—all, all you wish.
Your leader menaced me, he deserv'd his fate.
Quiet your angers: on my royal word
Your grievances shall all be done away;
Your vassalage abolish'd. A free pardon
Allow'd to all: So help me God, it shall be.

John Ball. Revenge, my brethren, beseems not
Christians:

Send us these terms, sign'd with your seal of state.
We will await in peace. Deceive us not—
Act justly, so to excuse your late foul deed.

King. The charter shall be drawn out: on mine
honour
All shall be justly done.

ACT III.

SCENE I. *Smithfield.*

JOHN BALL, PIERS, &c.

Piers. (to *John Ball.*) You look disturbed, my father.

John Ball. Piers, I am so.
Jack Straw has forced the Tower: seiz'd the Archbishop,
And beheaded him.

Piers. The curse of insurrection.

John Ball. Aye, Piers, our nobles level down
their vassals,
Keep them at endless labour, like their brutes,
Degrading every faculty by servitude,
Repressing all the energy of mind:
We must not wonder, then, that, like wild beasts,
When they have burst their chains, with brutal rage
They revenge them on their tyrants.

Piers. This Archbishop,
He was oppressive to his humble vassals:
Proud, haughty, avaricious——

John Ball. A true high priest,
Preaching humility with his mitre on;
Praising up alms and Christian charity,
Even whilst his unforgiving hand distress'd
His honest tenants.

Piers. He deserved his fate, then.

John Ball. Justice can never link with cruelty.
Is there among the catalogue of crimes
A sin so black that only Death can expiate?

Will Reason never rouse her from her slumbers,
And darting through the veil her eagle eye,
Sec in the sable garments of the law
Revenge conceal'd? This high priest has been
 haughty,

He has oppress'd his vassals: tell me, Piers,
Does his death remedy the ills he caused?
Were it not better to repress his power
Of doing wrong, that so his future life
Might remedy the evils of the past,
And benefit mankind?

Piers. But must not vice
Be punish'd?

John Ball. Is not punishment revenge?
The momentary violence of anger
May be excused: the indignant heart will throb
Against oppression, and the outstretch'd arm
Resent its injured feelings. The Collector
Insulted Alice, and roused the keen emotions
Of a fond father. Tyler murder'd him.

Piers. Murder'd!—a most harsh word.

John Ball. Yes, murder'd him:
His mangled feelings prompted the bad act,
And Nature will almost commend the deed
That Justice blames: but will the awaken'd feelings
Plead with their heart-moving eloquence
For the calm deliberate murder of Revenge?
Would you, Piers, in your calmer hour of reason,
Condemn an erring brother to be slain?
Cut him at once from all the joys of life,
All hopes of reformation—to revenge
The deed his punishment cannot recall?

My blood boil'd in me at the fate of Tyler,
Yet I reveng'd not.

Piers. Oh, my Christian father,
They would not argue thus humanely on us,
Were we within their power.

John Ball. I know they would not ;
But we must pity them that they are vicious,
Nor imitate their vice.

Piers. Alas, poor Tyler !
I do repent me much that I stood back,
When he advanced, fearless in rectitude,
To meet these royal assassins.

John Ball. Not for myself,
Though I have lost an honest virtuous friend,
Mourn I the death of Tyler : he was one
Gifted with the strong energy of mind,
Quick to perceive the right, and prompt to act
When Justice needed : he would listen to me
With due attention, yet not yielding lightly
What had to him seem'd good : severe in virtue,
He awed the ruder people, whom he led,
By his stern rectitude.

Piers. Witness that day
When they destroy'd the palace of the Gaunt ;
And hurl'd the wealth his avarice had amass'd,
Amid the fire : the people, fierce in zeal,
Threw in the flames a wretch whose selfish hand
Parloin'd amid the tumult.

John Ball. I lament
The death of Tyler for my country's sake.
I shudder lest posterity enslaved,
Should rue his murder. Who shall now controul

The giddy multitude, blind to their own good,
And listening with avidity to the tale
Of courtly falsehood.

Piers. The King must perform
His plighted promise.
(*Cry without.*—The Charter;—the Charter.)

Enter Mob and Herald.

Tom Miller. Read it out—read it out.

Hob. Aye, aye, let's hear the Charter.

Herald. Richard Plantagenet, by the grace of God, King of England, Ireland, France, Scotland, and the town of Berwick-upon-Tweed, to all whom it may concern, —These presents: Whereas our loving subjects have complained to us of the heavy burdens they endure, particularly from our late enacted poll-tax; and whereas they have risen in arms against our officers, and demanded the abolition of personal slavery, vassalage and manorial rights; we, ever ready in our sovereign mercy to listen to the petitions of our loving subjects, do annul all these grievances.

Mob. Huzza! long live the King.

Herald (continues). And do of our royal mercy grant a free pardon to all who may have been any-ways concerned in the late insurrections. All this shall be faithfully performed on our royal word, so help us God.—God save the King.

[*Loud and repeated shouts.*

Herald. Now then depart in quiet to your homes.

John Ball. Nay, my good friend, the people will remain

Embodied peaceably, till parliament

Confirm the royal Charter: tell your King so:
We will await the Charter's confirmation,
Meanwhile comporting ourselves orderly,
As peaceful citizens, not risen in tumult,
But to redress their evils. [*Exit Herald, &c.*]

Hob. 'T was well ordered.

I place but little trust in courtly faith.

John Ball. We must remain embodied; else the
King

Will plunge again in royal luxury,
And when the storm of danger is past over,
Forget his promises.

Hob. Aye, like an aguish sinner,
He'll promise to repent, when the fit's on him,
When well recover'd, laugh at his own terrors.

Piers. Oh I am grieved that we must gain so little.
Why are not all these empty ranks abolish'd,
King, slave, and lord, ennobled into MAN.
Are we not equal all? — have you not told me
Equality is the sacred right of man,
Inalienable, though by force withheld?

John Ball. Even so: but, Piers, my frail and
fallible judgement
Knows hardly to decide if it be right,
Peaceably to return, content with little,
With this half restitution of our rights,
Or boldly to proceed, through blood and slaughter,
Till we should all be equal and all happy.
I chose the milder way: — perhaps I err'd!

Piers. I fear me! By the mass, the unsteady people
Are flocking homewards — how the multitude
Diminishes!

John Ball. Go thou, my son, and stay them.
Carter, do you exert your influence,
All depends upon their stay: my mind is troubled,
And I would fain compose my thoughts for action.
[*Exeunt Hob and Piers.*

Father of mercies! I do fear me much
That I have err'd. Thou gavest my ardent mind
To pierce the mists of superstitious falsehood;—
Gavest me to know the truth. I should have urged it
Through every opposition; now, perhaps,
The seemly voice of pity has deceived me
And all this mighty movement ends in ruin.
I fear me I have been like the weak leech,
Who, sparing to cut deep, with cruel mercy
Mangles his patient without curing him.
[*Great tumult.*

What means this tumult? hark! the clang of arms.
God of eternal justice—the false monarch
Has broke his plighted vow.

[*Enter Piers wounded.*

Piers. Fly, fly, my father—the perjured King,—
fly, fly.

John Ball. Nay, nay, my child; I dare abide my
fate.

Let me bind up thy wounds.

Piers. 'Tis useless succour.
They seek thy life; fly, fly, my honoured father,
And let me have the hope to sweeten death
That thou at least hast 'scaped. They are murdering
Our unsuspecting brethren: half unarm'd,
Trusting too fondly to the tyrant's word,

They were dispersing:—the streets swim with blood.
Oh, save thyself. [*Enter soldiers.*]

1st *Soldier.* This is that old seditious heretic.

2d *Soldier.* And here the young spawn of rebellion ;

My orders ar'n't to spare him. [*Stabs Piers.*]

Come, you old stirrer-up of insurrection,

You bell-wether of the mob—you ar'n't to die

So easily. [*Leading him off.*]

(*Mob fly across the stage—the troops pursue them—
tumult increases—loud cries and shouts.*)

SCENE II.

Westminster Hall.

KING, WALWORTH, PHILPOT, SIR JOHN
TRESILIAN, &c.

Walworth. My liege, 'twas wisely ordered, to
destroy

The dunghill rabble, but take prisoner

That old seditious priest : his strange wild notions

Of this equality, when well exposed,

Will create ridicule, and shame the people

Of their late tumults.

Sir John.

Aye, there's nothing like

A fair, free, open trial, where the King

Can choose his jury and appoint his judges.

King. Walworth, I must thank you for my deliverance,

'Twas a bold deed to stab him in the parley.

Kneel down, and rise a knight, Sir William Walworth.

Enter Messenger.

Messenger. I left them hotly at it. Smithfield
smoked
With the rebels' blood! your troops fought loyally,
There's not a man of them will lend an ear
To pity.

Watworth. Is John Ball secured?

Messenger. They have seized him.

Enter Guards, with John Ball.

1st Guard. We've brought the old villain.

2d Guard. An old mischief maker—
Why there's fifteen hundred of the mob are killed,
All through his preaching.

Sir John Tr. Prisoner, are you the arch-rebel
John Ball?

John Ball. I am John Ball; but I am not a rebel.
Take ye the name, who, arrogant in strength,
Rebel against the people's sovereignty.

Sir John Tr. John Ball, you are accused of
stirring up
The poor deluded people to rebellion;
Not having the fear of God and of the King
Before your eyes; of preaching up strange notions,
Heretical and treasonous; such as saying
That kings have not a right from Heaven to govern;
That all mankind are equal; and that rank
And the distinctions of society,
Aye, and the sacred rights of property,
Are evil and oppressive; plead you guilty
To this most heavy charge?

John Ball.

If it be guilt,

To preach what you are pleased to call strange notions,
That all mankind as brethren must be equal;
That privileged orders of society
Are evil and oppressive; that the right
Of property is a juggle to deceive
The poor whom you oppress; I plead me guilty.

Sir John Tr. It is against the custom of this court
That the prisoner should plead guilty.

John Ball. Why then put you
The needless question? Sir Judge, let me save
The vain and empty insult of a trial.
What I have done, that I dare justify.

Sir John Tr. Did you not tell the mob they were
oppress'd;
And preach upon the equality of man;
With evil intent thereby to stir them up
To tumult and rebellion?

John Ball. That I told them
That all mankind are equal, is most true:
Ye came as helpless infants to the world;
Ye feel alike the infirmities of nature;
And at last moulder into common clay. [earth
Why then these vain distinctions?—bears not the
Food in abundance?—must your granaries
O'erflow with plenty, while the poor man starves?
Sir Judge, why sit you there, clad in your furs;
Why are your cellars stored with choicest wines?
Your larders hung with dainties, while your vassal,
As virtuous, and as able too by nature,
Though by your selfish tyranny deprived
Of mind's improvement, shivers in his rags,
And starves amid the plenty he creates.

I have said this is wrong, and I repeat it—
And there will be a time when this great truth
Shall be confess'd—be felt by all mankind.
The electric truth shall run from man to man,
And the blood-cemented pyramid of greatness
Shall fall before the flash.

Sir John Tr. Audacious rebel;
How darest thou insult this sacred court,
Blaspheming all the dignities of rank?
How could the Government be carried on
Without the sacred orders of the King
And the nobility.

John Ball. Tell me, Sir Judge,
What does the Government avail the peasant?
Would not he plough his field, and sow the corn,
Aye, and in peace enjoy the harvest too?
Would not the sun shine and the dews descend,
Though neither King nor Parliament existed?
Do your court politics ought matter him?
Would he be warring even unto death [contend,
With his French neighbours? Charles and Richard
The people fight and suffer:—think ye, Sirs,
If neither country had been cursed with a chief,
The peasants would have quarrell'd?

King. This is treason!
The patience of the court has been insulted—
Condemn the foul-mouth'd, contumacious rebel.

Sir John Tr. John Ball, whereas you are accused
before us,
Of stirring up the people to rebellion,
And preaching to them strange and dangerous doc-
trines;

And whereas your behaviour to the court
Has been most insolent and contumacious;
Insulting Majesty—and since you have pleaded
Guilty to all these charges; I condemn you
To death: you shall be hanged by the neck,
But not till you are dead—your bowels open'd—
Your heart torn out, and burnt before your face—
Your traitorous head be severed from your body—
Your body quarter'd, and exposed upon
The city gates—a terrible example—
And the Lord God have mercy on your soul.

John Ball. Why, be it so. I can smile at your
vengeance,

For I am arm'd with rectitude of soul.
The truth, which all my life I have divulged,
And am now doom'd in torments to expire for,
Shall still survive. The destined hour must come,
When it shall blaze with sun-surpassing splendour,
And the dark mists of prejudice and falsehood
Fade in its strong effulgence. Flattery's incense
No more shall shadow round the gore-dyed throne;
That altar of oppression, fed with rites,
More savage than the priests of Moloch taught,
Shall be consumed amid the fire of Justice;
The rays of truth shall emanate around,
And the whole world be lighted.

King.

Drag him hence:

Away with him to death; order the troops
Now to give quarter, and make prisoners—
Let the blood-reeking sword of war be sheathed,
That the law may take vengeance on the rebels.

P O E M S

CONCERNING

THE SLAVE TRADE.

SONNET I.

HOLD your mad hands! for ever on your plain
Must the gorged vulture clog his beak with blood?
For ever must your Niger's tainted flood,
Roll to the ravenous shark his banquet slain?
Hold your mad hands! and learn at length to know,
And turn your vengeance on the common foe,
Yon treacherous vessel and her godless crew!
Let never traders with false pretext fair
Set on your shores again their wicked feet:
With interdict and indignation meet
Repel them, and with fire and sword pursue!
Avarice, the white cadaverous fiend, is there,
Who spreads his toils accursed wide and far,
And for his purveyor calls the demon War.

SONNET II.

WHY dost thou beat thy breast and rend thine hair,
And to the deaf sea pour thy frantic cries ?
Before the gale the laden vessel flies ;
The Heavens all-favouring smile, the breeze is fair ;
Hark to the clamours of the exulting crew !
Hark how their cannon mock the patient skies !
Why dost thou shriek, and strain thy red-swoln eyes,
As the white sail is lessening from thy view ?
Go pine in want and anguish and despair,
There is no mercy found in human-kind !
Go, Widow, to thy grave, and rest thee there !
But may the God of Justice bid the wind
Whelm that curst bark beneath the mountain wave,
And bless with liberty and death the Slave !

SONNET III.

OH, he is worn with toil ! the big drops run
Down his dark cheek ; hold — hold thy merciless hand,
Pale tyrant ! for beneath thy hard command
O'erwearied nature sinks. The scorching sun,
As pitiless as proud Prosperity,
Darts on him his full beams ; gasping he lies
Arraigning with his looks the patient skies,
While that inhuman driver lifts on high
The mangling scourge. O ye who at your ease
Sip the blood-sweeten'd beverage, thoughts like these
Haply ye scorn : I thank thee, gracious God,
That I do feel upon my cheek the glow
Of indignation, when beneath the rod
A sable brother writhes in silent woe.

SONNET IV.

'Tis night; the unrelenting owners sleep
As undisturb'd as Justice; but no more
The o'erwearied slave, as on his native shore,
Rests on his reedy couch : he wakes to weep.
Though through the toil and anguish of the day
No tear escaped him, not one suffering groan
Beneath the twisted thong, he weeps alone
In bitterness ; thinking that far away
While happy Negroes join the midnight song,
And merriment resounds on Niger's shore,
She whom he loves, far from the cheerful throng
Stands sad, and gazes from her lowly door
With dim-grown eye, silent and woe-begone,
And weeps for him who will return no more.

SONNET V.

DID then the Negro rear at last the sword
Of vengeance ? Did he plunge its thirsty blade
In the hard heart of his inhuman lord ?
Oh ! who shall blame him ? in the midnight shade
There came on him the intolerable thought
Of every past delight ; his native grove,
Friendship's best joys, and liberty and love,
For ever lost. Such recollections wrought
His brain to madness. Wherefore should he live
Longer with abject patience to endure
His wrongs and wretchedness, when hope can give
No consolation, time can bring no cure ?
But justice for himself he yet could take,
And life is then well given for vengeance' sake.

SONNET VI.

HIGH in the air exposed the slave is hung,
To all the birds of heaven, their living food!
He groans not, though awaked by that fierce sun
New torturers live to drink their parent blood;
He groans not, though the gorging vulture tear
The quivering fibre. Hither look, O ye
Who tore this man from peace and liberty!
Look hither, ye who weigh with politic care
The gain against the guilt! Beyond the grave
There is another world! . . bear ye in mind,
Ere your decree proclaims to all mankind
The gain is worth the guilt, that there the Slave,
Before the Eternal, "thunder-tongued shall plead
Against the deep damnation of your deed."

Bristol, 1794.

TO THE GENIUS OF AFRICA.

O THOU, who from the mountain's height
Rollest thy clouds with all their weight
Of waters to old Nile's majestic tide ;
Or o'er the dark sepulchral plain
Recallest Carthage in her ancient pride,
The mistress of the Main ;
Hear, Genius, hear thy children's cry !
Not always should'st thou love to brood
Stern o'er the desert solitude
Where seas of sand heave their hot surges high ;
Nor, Genius, should the midnight song
Detain thee in some milder mood
The palmy plains among,
Where Gambia to the torches' light
Flows radiant through the awaken'd night.

Ah, linger not to hear the song !
Genius, avenge thy children's wrong !
The demon Avarice on your shore
Brings all the horrors of his train,
And hark ! where from the field of gore
Howls the hyena o'er the slain !
Lo ! where the flaming village fires the skies
Avenging Power, awake ! arise !

Arise, thy children's wrongs redress !
Heed the mother's wretchedness,

When in the hot infectious air
O'er her sick babe she bows opprest, . .
Hear her when the Traders tear
The suffering infant from her breast!
Sunk in the ocean he shall rest!
Hear thou the wretched mother's cries,
Avenging Power! awake! arise!

By the rank infected air
That taints those cabins of despair;
By the scourges blacken'd o'er,
And stiff and hard with human gore;
By every groan of deep distress,
By every curse of wretchedness;
The vices and the crimes that flow
From the hopelessness of woe;
By every drop of blood bespilt,
By Afric's wrongs and Europe's guilt,
Awake! arise! avenge!

And thou hast heard! and o'er their blood-fed plains
Sent thine avenging hurricanes
And bade thy storms with whirlwind roar
Dash their proud navies on the shore;
And where their armies claim'd the fight
Wither'd the warrior's might;
And o'er the unholy host with baneful breath,
There, Genius, thou hast breathed the gales of Death.

Bristol, 1795.

THE SAILOR,

WHO HAD SERVED IN THE SLAVE TRADE.

In September, 1798, a Dissenting Minister of Bristol discovered a sailor in the neighbourhood of that City, groaning and praying in a cow-house. The circumstance which occasioned his agony of mind is detailed in the annexed ballad, without the slightest addition or alteration. By presenting it as a Poem the story is made more public, and such stories ought to be made as public as possible.

It was a Christian minister,
Who, in the month of flowers,
Walk'd forth at eve amid the fields
Near Bristol's ancient towers;

When from a lonely out-house breathed,
He heard a voice of woe,
And groans which less might seem from pain,
Than wretchedness to flow ;

Heart-rending groans they were, with words
Of bitterest despair,
Yet with the holy name of Christ
Pronounced in broken prayer.

The Christian minister went in,
A Sailor there he sees,
Whose hands were lifted up to Heaven,
And he was on his knees.

Nor did the Sailor so intent
His entering footsteps heed,
But now "Our Father" said, and now
His half-forgotten creed ;

And often on our Saviour call'd
With many a bitter groan,
But in such anguish as may spring
From deepest guilt alone.

The miserable man was ask'd
Why he was kneeling there,
And what had been the crime that caused
The anguish of his prayer ?

"I have done a cursed thing!" he cried,
"It haunts me night and day,
And I have sought this lonely place
Here undisturb'd to pray.

Aboard I have no place for prayer,
So I came here alone,
That I might freely kneel and pray,
And call on Christ, and groan.

If to the main-mast head I go,
The Wicked One is there ;
From place to place, from rope to rope,
He follows every where.

I shut my eyes . . it matters not . .
Still, still the same I see, . .
And when I lie me down at night,
'Tis always day with me !

He follows, follows every where,
And every place is Hell !
O God . . and I must go with Him
In endless fire to dwell !

He follows, follows every where,
He's still above . . below !
Oh, tell me where to fly from him !
Oh, tell me where to go !"

" But tell thou," quoth the stranger then,
What this thy crime hath been,
So haply I may comfort give
To one who grieves for sin."

" O cursed, cursed is the deed !"
The wretched man replies,
" And night and day and every where
'Tis still before my eyes.

I sail'd on board a Guinea-man,
And to the slave-coast went ; ..
Would that the sea had swallow'd me
When I was innocent!

And we took in our cargo there,
Three hundred negro slaves,
And we sail'd homeward merrily
Over the ocean-waves.

But some were sulky of the slaves,
And would not touch their meat,
So therefore we were forced by threats
And blows to make them eat.

One woman, sulkier than the rest,
Would still refuse her food, ...
O Jesus God! I hear her cries!
I see her in her blood!

The captain made me tie her up,
And flog while he stood by ;
And then he cursed me if I staid
My hand to hear her cry.

She shriek'd, she groan'd, ... I could not spare,
For the Captain he stood by ; ...
Dear God! that I might rest one night
From that poor creature's cry!

What woman's child a sight like that
 Could bear to look upon!
And still the Captain would not spare..
 But made me still flog on.

She could not be more glad than I
 When she was taken down :
A blessed minute! .. 't was the last
 That I have ever known !

I did not close my eyes all night,
 Thinking what I had done ;
I heard her groans, and they grew faint
 Towards the rising sun.

She groan'd and moan'd, but her voice grew
 Fainter at morning tide ;
Fainter and fainter still it came
 Until at noon she died.

They flung her overboard ; .. poor wretch
 She rested from her pain, ..
But when .. O Christ ! O blessed God !
 Shall I have rest again !

I saw the sea close over her,
 Yet she is still in sight ;
I see her twisting every where ;
 I hear her day and night.

Go where I will, do what I can,
The Wicked One I see :
Dear Christ, have mercy on my soul !
O God, deliver me !

Oh give me comfort, if you can !
Oh tell me where to fly !
Oh tell me if there can be hope
For one so lost as I !”

What said the Minister of Christ ?
He bade him trust in Heaven,
And call on Him for whose dear sake
All sins shall be forgiven.

He told him of that precious blood
Which should his guilt efface ;
Told him that none are lost, but they
Who turn from proffer'd grace.

He bade him pray, and knelt with him,
And join'd him in his prayers : . . .
And some who read the dreadful tale
Perhaps will aid with theirs.

Westbury, 1798.

VERSES

SPOKEN IN THE THEATRE AT OXFORD,

UPON THE

INSTALLATION OF LORD GRENVILLE.

GRENVILLE, few years have had their course, since last
Exulting Oxford view'd a spectacle
Like this day's pomp ; and yet to those who throng'd
These walls, which echo'd then with Portland's praise,
What change hath interven'd ! The bloom of spring
Is fled from many a cheek, where roseate joy
And beauty bloom'd ; the inexorable Grave
Hath claim'd its portion ; and the band of youths,
Who then, collected here as in a port
From whence to launch on life's adventurous sea,
Stood on the beach, ere this have found their lots
Of good or evil. Thus the lapse of years,
Evolving all things in its quiet course,
Hath wrought for them ; and though those years have
Fearful vicissitudes, of wilder change [seen
Than history yet had learnt, or old romance
In wildest mood imagined, yet these too,
Portentous as they seem, not less have risen

Each of its natural cause the sure effect,
All rightcously ordain'd. Lo ! kingdoms wreck'd,
Thrones overturn'd, built up, then swept away
Like fabrics in the summer clouds, dispersed
By the same breath that heap'd them ; rightful kings,
Who, from a line of long-drawn ancestry
Held the transmitted sceptre, to the axe
Bowing the anointed head ; or dragg'd away
To eat the bread of bondage ; or escaped
Beneath the shadow of Britannia's shield,
There only safe. Such fate have vicious courts,
Statesmen corrupt, and fear-struck policy,
Upon themselves drawn down ; till Europe, bound
In iron chains, lies bleeding in the dust,
Beneath the feet of upstart tyranny :
Only the heroic Spaniard, he alone
Yet unsubdued in these degenerate days,
With desperate virtue, such as in old time
Hallow'd Saguntum and Numantia's name,
Stands up against the oppressor undismay'd.
So may the Almighty bless the noble race,
And crown with happy end their holiest cause !

Deem not these dread events the monstrous birth
Of chance ! And thou, O England, who dost ride
Serene amid the waters of the flood,
Preserving, even like the Ark of old,
Amid the general wreck, thy purer faith,
Domestic loves, and ancient liberty,
Look to thyself, O England ! for be sure,
Even to the measure of thine own desert,
The cup of retribution to thy lips

Shall soon or late be dealt ! . . a thought that well
Might fill the stoutest heart of all thy sons
With awful apprehension. Therefore, they
Who fear the Eternal's justice, bless thy name,
Grenville, because the wrongs of Africa
Cry out no more to draw a curse from Heaven
On England ! — for if still the trooping sharks
Track by the scent of death the accursed ship
Frighted with human anguish, in her wake
Pursue the chace, crowd round her keel, and dart
Toward the sound contending, when they hear
The frequent carcass from her guilty deck
Dash in the opening deep, no longer now
The guilt shall rest on England ; but if yet
There be among her children, hard of heart
And scar'd of conscience, men who set at nought
Her laws and God's own word, upon themselves
Their sin be visited ! . . the red-cross flag,
Redeem'd from stain so foul, no longer now
Covereth the abomination.

This thy praise,

O Grenville, and while ages roll away
This shall be thy remembrance. Yea, when all
For which the tyrant of these abject times
Hath given his honourable name on earth,
His nights of innocent sleep, his hopes of heaven ;
When all his triumphs and his deeds of blood,
The fretful changes of his feverish pride,
His midnight murders and perfidious plots,
Are but a tale of years so long gone by,
That they who read distrust the hideous truth,
Willing to let a charitable doubt

Abate their horror ; Grenville, even then
 Thy memory will be fresh among mankind
 Afric with all her tongues will speak of thee,
 With Wilberforce and Clarkson, he whom Heaven,
 To be the apostle of this holy work,
 Raised up and strengthen'd, and upheld through all
 His arduous toil. To end the glorious task,
 That blessed, that redeeming deed was thine :
 Be it thy pride in life, thy thought in death,
 Thy praise beyond the tomb. The statesman's fame
 Will fade, the conqueror's laurel crown grow sere ;
 Fame's loudest trump upon the ear of Time
 Leaves but a dying echo ; they alone
 Are held in everlasting memory,
 Whose deeds partake of heaven. Long ages hence
 Nations unborn, in cities that shall rise
 Along the palmy coast, will bless thy name ;
 And Senegal and secret Niger's shore,
 And Calabar, no longer startled then
 With sounds of murder, will, like Isis now,
 Ring with the songs that tell of Grenville's praise.

Keswick, 1810.

BOTANY-BAY ECLOGUES.

Where a sight shall shuddering sorrow find,
Sad as the ruins of the human mind. — BOWLES.

I.

ELINOR.

TIME, *Morning.* SCENE, *The Shore.*

ONCE more to daily toil, once more to wear
The livery of shame, once more to search
With miserable task this savage shore !
O thou, who mountest so triumphantly
In yonder Heaven, beginning thy career
Of glory, O thou blessed Sun ! thy beams
Fall on me with the same benignant light
Here, at the farthest limits of the world,
And blasted as I am with infamy,
As when in better years poor Elinor
Gazed on thy glad uprise with eye undimm'd
By guilt and sorrow, and the opening morn
Woke her from quiet sleep to days of peace.
In other occupation then I trod
The beach at eve ; and then when I beheld
The billows as they roll'd before the storm

Burst on the rock and rage, my timid soul
Shrunk at the perils of the boundless deep,
And heaved a sigh for suffering mariners; ...
Ah! little thinking I myself was doom'd
To tempt the perils of the boundless deep.
An outcast, unbelov'd and unbewail'd.

Still wilt thou haunt me, Memory! still present
The fields of England to my exiled eyes,
The joys which once were mine. Even now I see
The lowly lovely dwelling; even now
Behold the woodbine clasping its white walls,
Where fearlessly the red-breasts chirp'd around
To ask their morning meal: and where at eve
I loved to sit and watch the rook sail by,
And hear his hollow tone, what time he sought
The church-yard elm, that with its ancient boughs
Full-foliaged, half-conceal'd the house of God;
That holy house, where I so oft have heard
My father's voice explain the wondrous works
Of Heaven to sinful man. Ah! little deem'd
His virtuous bosom, that his shameless child
So soon should spurn the lesson, .. sink, the slave
Of Vice and Infamy, .. the hireling prey
Of brutal appetite; — at length worn out
With famine, and the avenging scourge of guilt,
Should share dishonesty, — yet dread to die!

Welcome, ye savage lands, ye barbarous climes,
Where angry England sends her outcast sons,
I hail your joyless shores! My weary bark,
Long tempest-tost on Life's inclement sea,

Here hails her haven ; welcomes the drear scene,
The marshy plain, the briar-entangled wood,
And all the perils of a world unknown.
For Elinor has nothing new to fear
From cruel Fortune ; all her rankling shafts
Barb'd with disgrace, and venom'd with disease,
Have pierced my bosom, and the dart of death
Has lost its terrors to a wretch like me.

Welcome, ye marshy heaths, ye pathless woods,
Where the rude native rests his wearied frame
Beneath the sheltering shade ; where, when the storm
Benumbs his naked limbs, he flies to seek
The dripping shelter. Welcome, ye wild plains
Unbroken by the plough, undelved by hand
Of patient rustic ; where for lowing herds,
And for the music of the bleating flocks,
Alone is heard the kangaroo's sad note
Deepening in distance. Welcome, wilderness,
Nature's domain ! for here, as yet unknown
The comforts and the crimes of polish'd life,
Nature benignly gives to all enough,
Denies to all a superfluity.
What though the garb of infamy I wear,
Though day by day along the echoing beach
I gather wave-worn shells ; yet day by day
I earn in honesty my frugal food,
And lay me down at night to calm repose ;
No more condemned, the mercenary tool
Of brutal lust, while heaves the indignant heart
Abhorrent, and self-loathed, to fold my arms

Round the rank felon, and for daily bread
To hug contagion to my poison'd breast !
On these wild shores the saving hand of Grace
Will probe my secret soul, and cleanse its wounds,
And fit the faithful penitent for Heaven.

Oxford, 1794.

II.

HUMPHREY AND WILLIAM.

TIME, *Noon.*

HUMPHREY.

SEE'ST thou not, William, that the scorching sun
By this time half his daily race hath run?
The savage thrusts his light canoe to shore,
And hurries homeward with his fishy store.
Suppose we leave awhile this stubborn soil,
To eat our dinner and to rest from toil.

WILLIAM.

Agreed. Yon tree, whose purple gum bestows
A ready medicine for the sick man's woes,
Forms with its shadowy boughs a cool retreat
To shield us from the noontide's sultry heat.
Ah, Humphrey! now upon old England's shore
The weary labourer's morning work is o'er.
The woodman there rests from his measured stroke,
Flings down his axe, and sits beneath the oak;
Savour'd with hunger there he eats his food,
There drinks the cooling streamlet of the wood.
To us no cooling streamlet winds its way,
No joys domestic crown for us the day;
The felon's name, the outcast's garb we wear,
Toil all the day, and all the night despair.

HUMPHREY.

Aye, William ! labouring up the furrow'd ground,
I used to love the village clock's old sound,
Rejoice to hear my morning toil was done,
And trudge it homeward when the clock went one.
'Twas ere I turn'd a soldier and a sinner !
Pshaw ! curse this whining—let us fall to dinner.

WILLIAM.

I too have loved this hour, nor yet forgot
The household comforts of my little cot ;
For at this hour my wife with watchful care
Was wont her humble dainties to prepare ;
The keenest sauce by hunger was supplied,
And my poor children prattled at my side.
Methinks I see the old oak table spread,
The clean white trencher and the good brown bread :
The cheese, my daily fare, which Mary made,
For Mary knew full well the housewife's trade ;
The jug of cyder, —cyder I could make ;—
And then the knives, —I won 'em at the wake.
Another has them now ! I toiling here
Look backward like a child, and drop a tear.

HUMPHREY.

I love a dismal story : tell me thine,
Meantime, good Will, I'll listen as I dine ;
I too, my friend, can tell a piteous story
When I turn'd hero how I purchased glory.

WILLIAM.

But, Humphrey, sure thou never canst have known
The comforts of a little home thine own :
A home so snug, so cheerful too, as mine,
'Twas always clean, and we could make it fine.
For there King Charles's Golden Rules were seen,
And there—God bless 'em both! the King and Queen.
The pewter plates, our garnish'd chimney's grace,
So bright, that in them you might see your face;
And over all, to frighten thieves, was hung,
Well clean'd, although but seldom used, my gun,
Ah! that damn'd gun! I took it down one morn,..
A desperate deal of harm they did my corn!
Our testy Squire, too, loved to save the breed,
So covey upon covey ate my seed.
I mark'd the mischievous rogues, and took my aim;
I fired, they fell, and . . . up the keeper came.
That cursed morning brought on my undoing;
I went to prison, and my farm to ruin.
Poor Mary! for her grave the parish paid,
No tomb-stone tells where her remains are laid!
My children . . . my poor boys . .

HUMPHREY.

Come! . . . grief is dry . . .
You to your dinner; . . to my story I.
For you, my friend, who happier days have known,
And each calm comfort of a home your own,
This is bad living: I have spent my life
In hardest toil and unavailing strife,

And here, (from forest ambush safe at least,) To me this scanty pittance seems a feast.
I was a plough-boy once, as free from woes And blithesome as the lark with whom I rose.
Each evening at return a meal I found ; And though my bed was hard, my sleep was sound.
One Whitsuntide, to go to fair I drest Like a great bumpkin in my Sunday's best ;
A primrose posey in my hat I stuck, And to the revel went to try my luck.
From show to show, from booth to booth I stray, See, stare, and wonder all the live-long day.
A sergeant to the fair recruiting came, Skill'd in man-catching, to beat up for game ;
Our booth he enter'd and sat down by me ; . . Methinks even now the very scene I see !
The canvass roof, the hogshead's running store, The old blind fiddler seated next the door,
The frothy tankard passing to and fro, And the rude rabble round the puppet-show.
The sergeant eyed me well ; the punch-bowl comes, And as we laugh'd and drank, up struck the drums.
And now he gives a bumper to his wench, God save the King ! and then, God damn the French !
Then tells the story of his last campaign, How many wounded and how many slain,
Flags flying, cannons roaring, drums a-beating, The English marching on, the French retreating . . .
" Push on . . push on, my lads ! they fly before ye, March on to riches, happiness, and glory !"
At first I wonder'd, by degrees grew bolder, Then cried, " 'Tis a fine thing to be a soldier !"

“ Aye, Humphrey !” says the sergeant, . . “ that’s
your name ?

’Tis a fine thing to fight the French for fame !
March to the field, . . knock out a Mounseer’s brains,
And pick the scoundrel’s pocket for your pains.
Come, Humphrey, come ! thou art a lad of spirit ;
Rise to a halbert, as I did, . . by merit !
Wouldst thou believe it ? even I was once
As thou art now, a plough-boy and a dunce ;
But courage raised me to my rank. How now, boy !
Shall Hero Humphrey still be Numps the ploughboy ?
A proper-shaped young fellow ! tall and straight !
Why, thou wert made for glory ! . . five feet eight !
The road to riches is the field of fight ! . .
Didst ever see a guinea look so bright ?
Why regimentals, Numps, would give thee grace,
A hat and feather would become that face ;
The girls would crowd around thee to be kiss’d ! . .
Dost love a girl ? ” — “ OddZounds ! ” I cried,
“ I’ll list ! ”

So pass’d the night ; anon the morning came,
And off I set a volunteer for fame.

“ Back shoulders, turn out your toes, hold up your
head,

“ Stand easy ! ” . . so I did . . . till almost dead.
O how I long’d to tend the plough again,
Trudge up the field, and whistle o’er the plain,
When tired and sore, amid the piteous throng,
Hungry, and cold, and wet, I limp’d along,
And growing fainter as I pass’d and colder,
Cursed that ill hour when I became a soldier !

In town I found the hours more gaily pass,
And time fled swiftly with my girl and glass;
The girls were wonderous kind and wonderous fair,
They soon transferr'd me to the Doctor's care;
The Doctor undertook to cure the evil,
And he almost transferr'd me to the Devil.
'Twere tedious to relate the dismal story
Of fighting, fasting, wretchedness, and glory.
At last discharged, to England's shores I came.
Paid for my wounds with want instead of fame;
Found my fair friends, and plunder'd as they bad me;
They kiss'd me, coax'd me, robb'd me, and betray'd me.
Tried and condemn'd His Majesty transports me,
And here in peace, I thank him, he supports me.
So ends my dismal and heroic story,
And Humphrey gets more good from guilt than glory.

Oxford, 1794.

III.

JOHN, SAMUEL, AND RICHARD.

TIME, *Evening.*

JOHN.

'Tis a calm pleasant evening, the light fades away,
And the sun going down has done watch for the day.
To my mind we live wonderous well when transported;
It is but to work, and we must be supported.
Fill the cann, Dick ! Success here to Botany Bay !

RICHARD.

Success if you will, . . but God send me away !

JOHN.

You lubberly landsmen don't know when you're
well !
Hadst thou known half the hardships of which I can
tell !
The sailor has no place of safety in store ;
From the tempest at sea, to the press-gang on shore !
When Roguery rules all the rest of the earth,
God be thank'd, in this corner I've got a good berth.

SAMUEL.

Talk of hardships ! what these are the sailor don't
know ;
'Tis the soldier, my friend, that's acquainted with woe ;

Long journies, short halting, hard work, and small pay,
To be popt at like pigeons for sixpence a day ! . .
Thank God I'm safe quarter'd at Botany Bay.

JOHN.

Ah ! you know but little : I'll wager a pot
I have suffer'd more evils than fell to your lot.
Come, we'll have it all fairly and properly tried,
Tell story for story, and Dick shall decide.

SAMUEL.

Done.

JOHN.

Done. 'Tis a wager, and I shall be winner ;
Thou wilt go without grog, Sam, to-morrow at dinner.

SAMUEL.

I was trapp'd by the Sergeant's palavering pre-
tences,
He listed me when I was out of my senses ;
So I took leave to-day of all care and all sorrow,
And was drill'd to repentance and reason to-morrow.

JOHN.

I would be a sailor and plough the wide ocean,
But was soon sick and sad with the billows' commotion,
So the boatswain he sent me aloft on the mast,
And cursed me, and bad me cry there, . . and hold fast !

SAMUEL.

After marching all day, faint and hungry and sore,
I have lain down at night on the swamps of the moor,

Unshelter'd and forced by fatigue to remain,
All chill'd by the wind and benumb'd by the rain.

JOHN.

I have rode out the storm when the billows beat
high,
And the red gleaming lightnings flash'd through the
dark sky ;
When the tempest of night the black sea overcast,
Wet and weary I labour'd, yet sung to the blast.

SAMUEL.

I have march'd, trumpets sounding, drums beating,
flags flying,
Where the music of war drown'd the shrieks of the
dying ;
When the shots whizz'd around me, all dangers defied,
Push'd on when my comrades fell dead at my side ;
Drove the foe from the mouth of the cannon away,
Fought, conquer'd, and bled, all for sixpence a-day.

JOHN.

And I too, friend Samuel, have heard the shots
rattle !
But we seamen rejoice in the play of the battle ;
Though the chain and the grape-shot roll splintering
around,
With the blood of our messmates though slippery
the ground,
The fiercer the fight, still the fiercer we grow,
We heed not our loss so we conquer the foe ;

And the hard battle won, if the prize be not sunk,
The Captain gets rich, and the Sailors get drunk.

SAMUEL.

God help the poor soldier when backward he goes,
In disgraceful retreat through a country of foes !
No respite from danger by day or by night,
He is still forced to fly, still o'ertaken to fight ;
Every step that he takes he must battle his way,
He must force his hard meal from the peasant away :
No rest, and no hope, from all succour afar, . .
God forgive the poor soldier for going to the war !

JOHN.

But what are these dangers to those I have past.
When the dark billows roar'd to the roar of the blast ;
When we work'd at the pumps worn with labour
and weak,
And with dread still beheld the increase of the leak ?
Sometimes as we rose on the wave could our sight,
From the rocks of the shore catch the light-house's
light ;
In vain to the beach to assist us they press ;
We fire faster and faster our guns of distress ;
Still with rage unabating the wind and waves roar ; . .
How the giddy wreck reels, as the billows burst o'er !
Leap, leap ; for she yawns, for she sinks in the wave !
Call on God to preserve . . for God only can save !

SAMUEL.

There's an end of all troubles, however, at last !
And when I in the waggon of wounded was cast,

When my wounds with the chilly night-wind smarted
sore,
And I thought of the friends I should never see more,
No hand to relieve, scarce a morsel of bread,
Sick at heart I have envied the peace of the dead.
Left to rot in a jail, till by treaty set free,
Old England's white cliffs with what joy did I see !
I had gain'd enough glory, some wounds, but no good,
And was turn'd on the public to shift how I could.
When I think what I've suffer'd, and where I am
now,
I curse him who snared me away from the plough.

JOHN.

When I was discharged, I went home to my wife,
There in comfort to spend all the rest of my life.
My wife was industrious, we earn'd what we spent,
And though little we had, were with little content;
And whenever I listen'd and heard the wind roar,
I bless'd God for my little snug cabin on shore.
At midnight they seized me, they dragg'd me away,
They wounded me sore when I would not obey,
And because for my country I'd ventured my life,
I was dragg'd like a thief from my home and my wife.
Then the fair wind of fortune chopt round in my face,
And want at length drove me to guilt and disgrace.
But all's for the best; . . on the world's wide sea cast,
I am haven'd in peace in this corner at last.

SAMUEL.

Come, Dick ! we have done . . and for judgement
we call.

RICHARD.

And in faith I can give you no judgement at all :
But that as you're now settled, and safe from foul
 weather,
You drink up your grog, and be merry together.

Oxford, 1794.

IV.

FREDERIC.

TIME, *Night.* SCENE, *The Woods.*

WHERE shall I turn me? whither shall I bend
 My weary way? thus worn with toil and faint,
 How through the thorny mazes of this wood
 Attain my distant dwelling? That deep cry
 That echoes through the forest, seems to sound
 My parting knell: it is the midnight howl
 Of hungry monsters prowling for their prey!
 Again! O save me—save me, gracious Heaven!
 I am not fit to die!

Thou coward wretch,
 Why palpitates thy heart? why shake thy limbs
 Beneath their palsied burthen? Is there aught
 So lovely in existence? wouldst thou drain
 Even to its dregs the bitter draught of life?
 Stamp'd with the brand of Vice and Infamy,
 Why should the felon Frederic shrink from Death?

Death! Where the magic in that empty name
 That chills my inmost heart? Why at the thought
 Starts the cold dew of fear on every limb?
 There are no terrors to surround the Grave,
 When the calm Mind collected in itself
 Surveys that narrow house: the ghastly train

That haunt the midnight of delirious Guilt
Then vanish ; in that home of endless rest
All sorrows cease ! . . Would I might slumber there !

Why then this panting of the fearful heart ?
This miser love of life, that dreads to lose
Its cherish'd torment ? Shall a man diseased
Yield up his members to the surgeon's knife,
Doubtful of succour, but to rid his frame
Of fleshly anguish ; and the coward wretch,
Whose ulcerated soul can know no help,
Shrink from the best Physician's certain aid ?
Oh, it were better far to lie me down
Here on this cold damp earth, till some wild beast
Seize on his willing victim.

If to die

Were all, 'twere sweet indeed to rest my head
On the cold clod, and sleep the sleep of Death.
But if the Archangel's trump at the last hour
Startle the ear of Death, and wake the soul
To frenzy ? . . Dreams of infancy ; fit tales
For garrulous beldames to affrighten babes !
What if I warr'd upon the world ? the world
Had wrong'd me first : I had endured the ills
Of hard injustice ; all this goodly earth
Was but to me one wide waste wilderness ;
I had no share in Nature's patrimony ;
Blasted were all my morning hopes of youth,
Dark Disappointment followed on my ways,
Care was my bosom inmate, Penury
Gnaw'd at my heart. Eternal One, thou know'st
How that poor heart, even in the bitter hour

Of lowdest revelry has inly yearn'd
For peace.

My Father ! I will call on thee,
Pour to thy mercy-seat my earnest prayer,
And wait thy righteous will, resign'd of soul.
O thought of comfort ! how the afflicted heart,
Tired with the tempest of its passions, rests
On you with holy hope ! The hollow howl
Of yonder harmless tenant of the woods
Comes with no terror to the sober'd sense.
If I have sinned against mankind, on them
Be that past sin ; they made me what I was.
In these extremest climes Want can no more
Urge me to deeds of darkness, and at length
Here I may rest. What though my hut be poor—
The rains descend not through its humble roof : ...
Would I were there again ! The night is cold ;
And what if in my wanderings I should rouse
The savage from his thicket !

Hark ! the gun !

And lo, the fire of safety ! I shall reach
My little hut again ! again by toil
Force from the stubborn earth my sustenance,
And quick-ear'd guilt will never start alarm'd
Amid the well-earn'd meal. This felon's garb . .
Will it not shield me from the winds of Heaven ?
And what could purple more ? O strengthen me,
Eternal One, in this serener state !
Cleanse thou mine heart, so Penitence and Faith
Shall heal my soul, and my last days be peace.

SONNETS.

I.

Go, Valentine, and tell that lovely maid
Whom fancy still will pourtray to my sight,
How here I linger in this sullen shade,
This dreary gloom of dull monastic night ;
Say, that from every joy of life remote
At evening's closing hour I quit the throng,
Listening in solitude the ring-dove's note,
Who pours like me her solitary song ;
Say, that her absence calls the sorrowing sigh ;
Say, that of all her charms I love to speak,
In fancy feel the magic of her eye,
In fancy view the smile illumine her cheek,
Court the lone hour when silence stills the grove,
And heave the sigh of memory and of love.

II.

THINK, Valentine, as speeding on thy way
Homeward thou hastest light of heart along,
If heavily creep on one little day
The medley crew of travellers among,
Think on thine absent friend ; reflect that here
On life's sad journey comfortless he roves,
Remote from every scene his heart holds dear,
From him he values, and from her he loves.
And when, disgusted with the vain and dull
Whom chance companions of thy way may doom,
Thy mind, of each domestic comfort full,
Turns to itself and meditates on home,
Ah think what cares must ache within his breast
Who loathes the road, yet sees no home of rest.

1794.

III.

NOR to thee, Bedford, mournful is the tale
Of days departed. Time in his career
Arraigns not thee that the neglected year
Hath past unheeded onward. To the vale
Of years thou journeyest ; may the future road
Be pleasant as the past ; and on my friend
Friendship and Love, best blessings, still attend,
Till full of days he reach the calm abode
Where Nature slumbers. Lovely is the age
Of virtue : with such reverence we behold
The silver hairs, as some gray oak grown old
That whilome mock'd the rushing tempest's rage,
Now like a monument of strength decay'd,
With rarely-sprinkled leaves casting a tremblingshade.

1794.

IV. CORSTON.

As thus I stand beside the murmuring stream
And watch its current, memory here pourtrays
Scenes faintly form'd of half-forgotten days,
Like far-off woodlands by the moon's bright beam
Dimly descried, but lovely. I have worn
Amid these haunts the heavy hours away,
When childhood idled through the Sabbath-day ;
Risen to my tasks at winter's earliest morn ;
And when the summer twilight darken'd here,
Thinking of home, and all of heart forlorn,
Have sigh'd and shed in secret many a tear.
Dream-like and indistinct those days appear,
As the faint sounds of this low brooklet, borne
Upon the breeze, reach fitfully the ear.

1794.

V. THE EVENING RAINBOW.

MILD arch of promise, on the evening sky
Thou shinest fair with many a lovely ray
Each in the other melting. Much mine eye
Delights to linger on thee ; for the day,
Changeful and many-weather'd, seemed to smile
Flashing brief splendour through the clouds awhile,
Which deepen'd dark anon and fell in rain :
But pleasant is it now to pause, and view
Thy various tints of frail and watery hue,
And think the storm shall not return again.
Such is the smile that Piety bestows
On the good man's pale cheek, when he, in peace
Departing gently from a world of woes,
Anticipates the world where sorrows cease.

1794

VI.

WITH many a weary step, at length I gain
Thy summit, Lansdown ; and the cool breeze plays
Gratefully round my brow, as hence I gaze
Back on the fair expanse of yonder plain.
'Twas a long way and tedious ; to the eye
Though fair the extended vale, and fair to view
The autumnal leaves of many a faded hue,
That eddy in the wild gust moaning by.
Even so it fared with life : in discontent
Restless through Fortune's mingled scenes I went...
Yet wept to think they would return no more.
But cease, fond heart, in such sad thoughts to roam ;
For surely thou ere long shalt reach thy home,
And pleasant is the way that lies before.
1794.

VII.

FAIR is the rising morn when o'er the sky
The orient sun expands his roseate ray,
And lovely to the musing poet's eye
Fades the soft radiance of departing day ;
But fairer is the smile of one we love,
Than all the scenes in Nature's ample sway,
And sweeter than the music of the grove,
The voice that bids us welcome. Such delight,
EDITH ! is mine, escaping to thy sight
From the cold converse of the indifferent throng :
Too swiftly then toward the silent night,
Ye hours of happiness, ye speed along,
Whilst I, from all the world's dull cares apart,
Pour out the feelings of my burthen'd heart.
1794.

VIII.

How darkly o'er yon far-off mountain frowns
The gather'd tempest ! from that lurid cloud
The deep-voiced thunders roll, awful and loud
Though distant ; while upon the misty downs
Fast falls in shadowy streaks the pelting rain.
I never saw so terrible a storm !
Perhaps some way-worn traveller in vain
Wraps his thin raiment round his shivering form,
Cold even as hope within him. I the while
Pause here in sadness, though the sun-beams smile
Cheerily round me. Ah ! that thus my lot
Might be with Peace and Solitude assign'd,
Where I might from some little quiet cot
Sigh for the crimes and miseries of mankind.

1794.

IX.

O THOU sweet Lark, who in the heaven' so high
Twinkling thy wings dost sing so joyfully,
I watch thee soaring with a deep delight,
And when at last I turn mine aching eye
That lags below thee in the Infinite,
Still in my heart receive thy melody.
O thou sweet Lark, that I had wings like thee !
Not for the joy it were in yon blue light
Upward to mount, and from my heavenly height
Gaze on the creeping multitude below ;
But that I soon would wing my eager flight
To that loved home where Fancy even now
Hath fled, and Hope looks onward thro' a tear,
Counting the weary hours that hold her here.

1798.

X.

THOU lingerest, Spring ! still wintry is the scene,
The fields their dead and sapless russet wear ;
Scarce doth the glossy celandine appear
Starring the sunny bank, or early green
The elder yet its circling tufts put forth.
The sparrow tenants still the eaves-built nest
Where we should see our martin's snowy breast
Oft darting out. The blasts from the bleak north
And from the keener east still frequent blow.
Sweet Spring, thou lingerest ; and it should be so,,
Late let the fields and gardens blossom out !
Like man when most with smiles thy face is drest,
'Tis to deceive, and he who knows ye best,
When most ye promise, ever most must doubt.

Westbury, 1799.

XI.

BEWARE a speedy friend, the Arabian said,
And wisely was it he advised distrust :
The flower that blossoms earliest fades the first.
Look at you Oak that lifts its stately head,
And dallies with the autumnal storm, whose rage
Tempests the great sea-waves ; slowly it rose,
Slowly its strength increased through many an age,
And timidly did its light leaves disclose,
As doubtful of the spring, their palest green.
They to the summer cautiously expand,
And by the warmer sun and season bland
Matured, their foliage in the grove is seen,
When the bare forest by the wintry blast
Is swept, still lingering on the boughs the last.

1798,

XII. To a Goose.

Ir thou didst feed on western plains of yore ;
Or waddle wide with flat and flabby feet
Over some Cambrian mountain's plashy moor ;
Or find in farmer's yard a safe retreat
From gipsy thieves, and foxes sly and fleet ;
If thy grey quills, by lawyer guided, trace
Deeds big with ruin to some wretched race,
Or love-sick poet's sonnet, sad and sweet,
Wailing the rigour of his lady fair ;
Or if, the drudge of housemaid's daily toil,
Cobwebs and dust thy pinions white besoil,
Departed Goose ! I neither know nor care.
But this I know, that we pronounced thee fine,
Season'd with sage and onions, and port wine.

London, 1798.

XIII.

I MARVEL not, O Sun ! that unto thee
In adoration man should bow the knee,
And pour his prayers of mingled awe and love ;
For like a God thou art, and on thy way
Of glory sheddest with benignant ray,
Beauty, and life, and joyance from above.
No longer let these mists thy radiance shroud,
These cold raw mists that chill the comfortless day ;
But shed thy splendour through the opening cloud
And cheer the earth once more. The languid flowers
Lie scentless, beaten down with heavy rain ;
Earth asks thy presence, saturate with showers ;
O Lord of Light ! put forth thy beams again,
For damp and cheerless are the gloomy hours

Westbury, 1798.

XIV.

FAIR be thy fortunes in the distant land,
Companion of my earlier years and friend !
Go to the Eastern world, and may the hand
Of Heaven its blessing on thy labour send.
And may I, if we ever more should meet,
See thee with affluence to thy native shore
Return'd ; .. I need not pray that I may greet
The same untainted goodness as before.
Long years must intervene before that day ;
And what the changes Heaven to each may send,
It boots not now to bode : O early friend !
Assured, no distance e'er can wear away
Esteem long rooted, and no change remove
The dear remembrance of the friend we love.

1798.

XV.

A WRINKLED, crabbed man they picture thee,
Old Winter, with a rugged beard as grey
As the long moss upon the apple-tree ;
Blue-lipt, an ice-drop at thy sharp blue nose,
Close muffled up, and on thy dreary way,
Plodding alone through sleet and drifting snows.
They should have drawn thee by the high-heapt hearth,
Old Winter ! seated in thy great arm'd chair,
Watching the children at their Christmas mirth ;
Or circled by them as thy lips declare
Some merry jest or tale of murder dire,
Or troubled spirit that disturbs the night,
Pausing at times to rouse the mouldering fire,
Or taste the old October brown and bright.

Westbury, 1799.

XVI.

PORLOCK, thy verdant vale so fair to sight,
Thy lofty hills which fern and furze embrown,
The waters that roll musically down
Thy woody glens, the traveller with delight
Recalls to memory, and the channel grey
Circling its surges in thy level bay.
Porlock, I also shall forget thee not,
Here by the unwelcome summer rain confined ;
But often shall hereafter call to mind
How here, a patient prisoner, 't was my lot
To wear the lonely, lingering close of day,
Making my Sonnet by the alehouse fire,
Whilst Idleness and Solitude inspire
Dull rhymes to pass the duller hours away.

August 9. 1799.

XVII.

STATELY yon vessel sails adown the tide,
To some far distant land adventurous bound ;
The sailors' busy cries from side to side
Pealing among the echoing rocks resound :
A patient, thoughtless, much-enduring band,
Joyful they enter on their ocean way,
With shouts exulting leave their native land,
And know no care beyond the present day.
But is there no poor mourner left behind,
Who sorrows for a child or husband there ?
Who at the howling of the midnight wind
Will wake and tremble in her boding prayer ?
So may her voice be heard, and Heaven be kind !
Go, gallant Ship, and be thy fortune fair !

Westbury, 1799.

XVIII.

O GOD ! have mercy in this dreadful hour
On the poor mariner ! in comfort here
Safe shelter'd as I am, I almost fear
The blast that rages with resistless power.
What were it now to toss upon the waves,
The madden'd waves, and know no succour near ;
The howling of the storm alone to hear,
And the wild sea that to the tempest raves ;
To gaze amid the horrors of the night
And only see the billow's gleaming light ;
Then in the dread of death to think of her
Who, as she listens sleepless to the gale,
Puts up a silent prayer and waxes pale ? ...
O God ! have mercy on the mariner !

Westbury, 1799.

XIX.

SHE comes majestic with her swelling sails,
The gallant Ship ; along her watery way
Homeward she drives before the favouring gales ;
Now flirting at their length the streamers play,
And now they ripple with the ruffling breeze.
Hark to the sailors' shouts ! the rocks rebound,
Thundering in echoes to the joyful sound.
Long have they voyaged o'er the distant seas,
And what a heart-delight they feel at last,
So many toils, so many dangers past,
To view the port desired, he only knows
Who on the stormy deep for many a day
Hath tost, aweary of his watery way,
And watch'd, all anxious, every wind that blows.

Westbury, 1799.

XX.

FAREWELL my home, my home no longer now,
Witness of many a calm and happy day ;
And thou fair eminence, upon whose brow
Dwells the last sunshine of the evening ray,
Farewell ! These eyes no longer shall pursue
The western sun beyond the farthest height,
When slowly he forsakes the fields of light.
No more the freshness of the falling dew,
Cool and delightful, here shall bathe my head,
As from this western window dear, I lean,
Listening, the while I watch the placid scene,
The martins twittering underneath the shed.
Farewell, dear home ! where many a day has past
In joys whose loved remembrance long shall last.

Westbury, 1797.

MONODRAMAS.

SAPPHO.

Scene, The Promontory of Leucadia.

THIS is the spot :.. 't is here tradition says
 That hopeless Love from this high towering rock
 Leaps headlong to oblivion or to Death.
 Oh, 't is a giddy height ! my dizzy head
 Swims at the precipice !.. 't is death to fall ! 5

Lie still, thou coward heart ! this is no time
 To shake with thy strong throbs the frame convulsed.
 To die, — to be at rest, — oh, pleasant thought !
 Perchance to leap and live ; the soul all still,
 And the wild tempest of the passions husht 10
 In one deep calm ; the heart, no more diseased
 By the quick ague fits of hope and fear,
 Quietly cold !

Presiding Powers, look down !

In vain to you I pour'd my earnest prayers,

In vain I sung your praises: chiefly thou, 15
 Venus! ungrateful Goddess, whom my lyre
 Hymn'd with such full devotion. Lesbian groves,
 Witness how often, at the languid hour
 Of summer twilight, to the melting song
 Ye gave your choral echoes! Grecian maids, 20
 Who hear with downcast look and flushing cheek,
 That lay of love, bear witness! and ye youths,
 Who hang enraptured on the impassion'd strain,
 Gazing with eloquent eye, even till the heart
 Sinks in the deep delirium! And ye, too, 25
 Ages unborn! bear witness ye, how hard
 Her fate who hymn'd the votive hymn in vain!
 Ungrateful Goddess! I have hung my lute
 In yonder holy pile; my hand no more
 Shall wake the melodies that fail'd to move 30
 Obdurate Phaon!.. yet when rumour tells
 How from Leucadia Sappho cast herself,
 A self-devoted victim, .. he may melt
 Too late in pity, obstinate to love.

Oh! haunt his midnight dreams, black Nemesis!
 Whom*, self-conceiving in the inmost depths 36
 Of Chaos, blackest Night long labouring bore,
 When the stern Destinies, her elder brood,
 And shapeless Death, from that more monstrous birth
 Leapt shuddering: Haunt his slumbers, Nemesis!
 Scorch with the fires of Phlegethon his heart, 41
 Till helpless, hopeless, heaven-abandon'd wretch,

* ΟΥ ΤΙΝΙ ΚΟΙΜΗΘΕΙΣΑ ΔΕΔ ΤΑΚΕ ΝΥΞ ΕΡΕΩΣΥΝ.

HESIOD.

He too shall seek beneath the unfathom'd deep
To hide him from thy fury.

How the sea
Far distant glitters as the sun-beams smile, 45
And gaily wanton o'er its heaving breast !
Phœbus shines forth, nor wears one cloud to mourn
His votary's sorrows. God of Day shine on !..
By man despised, forsaken by the Gods,
I supplicate no more.

How many a day, 50
O pleasant Lesbos ! in thy secret streams
Delighted have I plunged, from the hot sun
Screen'd by the o'er-arching grove's delightful shade,
And pillow'd on the waters ! Now the waves
Shall chill me to repose.

Tremendous height ! 55
Scarce to the brink will these rebellious limbs
Support me. Hark ! how the rude deep below
Roars round the rugged base, as if it call'd
Its long reluctant victim ! I will come !..
One leap, and all is over ! The deep rest 60
Of death, or tranquil apathy's dead calm,
Welcome alike to me. Away, vain fears !
Phaon is cold, and why should Sappho live ?
Phaon is cold, or with some fairer one ...
Thought worse than death ! 65

She throws herself from the precipice.

Oxford, 1793.

XIMALPOCA.

The story of this Mexican King is related by Torquemada in his *Monarquia Indiana*, l. ii. c. 28. and by the Abate Clavigero, *Storia Antica del Messico*, t. i. l. iii. p. 199. The sacrifice was not completed; a force sent by his enemy arrived in time to prevent the catastrophe; he was carried off captive, and destroyed himself in prison.

Scene, *The Temple of Mexith.*

SUBJECTS! friends! children! I may call you children,
 For I have ever borne a father's love
 Towards you; it is thirteen years since first
 You saw me in the robes of royalty,..
 Since here the multitudes of Mexico 5
 Hail'd me their King. I thank you, friends, that now,
 In equal numbers and with equal love,
 You come to grace my death.

For thirteen years

What I have been, ye know: that with all care,
 That with all justness and all gentleness,
 Seeking your weal, I govern'd. Is there one
 Whom I have injured? one whose just redress
 I have denied, or baffled by delay?

Let him come forth, that so no evil tongue
 Speak shame of me hereafter. O my people 15
 Not by my sins have I drawn down upon me
 The wrath of Heaven.

The wrath is heavy on me!

Heavy ! a burthen more than I can bear !
 I have endured contempt, insult, and wrongs
 From that Acolhuan tyrant. Should I seek 20
 Revenge ? alas, my people, we are few,..
 Feeble our growing state ; it hath not yet
 Rooted itself to bear the hurricane ;
 It is the lion-cub that tempts not yet
 The tyger's full-aged fury. Mexicans, 25
 He sent to bid me wear a woman's robe ;..
 When was the day that ever I look'd back
 In battle ? Mexicans, the wife I loved,
 To faith and friendship trusted, in despite
 Of me, of heaven, he seized, and spurn'd her back
 Polluted !... Coward villain ! and he lurks 31
 Behind his armies and his multitudes,
 And mocks my idle wrath !.. It is not fit..
 It is not possible that I should live !..
 Live ! and deserve to be the finger-mark 35
 Of slave-contempt !... His blood I cannot reach,
 But in my own all stains may be effaced ;
 It shall blot out the marks of infamy,
 And when the warriors of the days to come
 Tell of Ximalpoca, it shall be said 40
 He died the brave man's death !

Not of the God

Unworthy, do I seek his altar thus,
 A voluntary victim. And perchance

The sacrifice of life may profit ye,
My people, though all living efforts fail'd 45
By fortune, not by fault.

Cease your lament !

And if your ill-doom'd King deserved your love,
Say of him to your children, he was one
Who bravely bore misfortune ; who, when life
Became dishonour, shook his body off, 50
And join'd the spirits of the heroes dead.

Yes ! not in Miclanteuctli's dark abode
With cowards shall your King receive his doom :
Not in the icy caverns of the North
Suffer through endless ages. He shall join 55
The Spirits of the brave, with them at morn
Shall issue from the eastern gate of Heaven,
And follow through his fields of light the Sun ;
With them shall raise the song and weave the dance ;
Sport in the stream of splendour ; company 60
Down to the western palace of his rest
The Prince of Glory ; and with equal eye
Endure his center'd radiance. Not of you
Forgetful, O my people, even then ;
But often in the amber cloud of noon 65
Diffused, will I o'erspread your summer fields,
And on the freshen'd maize and brightening meads
Shower plenty.

Spirits of my valiant Sires,
I come ! Mexitli, never at thy shrine
Flow'd braver blood ; never a nobler heart 70
Steam'd up to thee its life ! Priests of the God,
Perform your office !

Westbury, 1798.

THE WIFE OF FERGUS.

Fergusius 3. periit veneno ab uxore dato. Alii scribunt cum uxor sæpe exprobrasset ei matrimonii contemptum et pelli-cum greges, neque quicquam profecisset, tandem noctu dormientem ab ea strangulatum. Quæstione de morte ejus habitâ, cum amicorum plurimi insimularentur, nec quisquam ne in gravissimis quidem tormentis quisquam fateretur, mulier, alioqui ferrox, tot innoxiorum capitum miserta, in medium processit, ac e superiore loco cædem a se factum confessa, ne ad ludibrium supereset. pectus cultro transfodit: quod ejus factum varie pro ejusque ingenio est acceptum, ac perinde sermonibus celebratum. BUCHANAN.

Scene, *The Palace Court. The Queen speaking from the Battlements*

CEASE.. cease your torments! spare the sufferers!
 Scotchmen, not theirs the deed;.. the crime was mine.
 Mine is the glory.

Idle threats! I stand
 Secure. All access to these battlements
 Is barr'd beyond your sudden strength to force; 5
 And lo! the dagger by which Fergus died!

Shame on ye, Scotchmen, that a woman's hand
 Was left to do this deed! Shame on ye, Thanes,
 Who with slave-patience have so long endured

The wrongs, and insolence of tyranny ! 10
Cowardly race !.. that not a husband's sword
Smote that adulterous King ! that not a wife
Revenged her own pollution ; in his blood
Wash'd herself pure, and for the sin compell'd
Atoned by righteous murder !.. O my God ! 15
Of what beast-matter has thou moulded them
To bear with wrongs like these ? There was a time
When if the Bard had feign'd you such a tale,
Your eyes had throbb'd with anger, and your hand,
In honest instinct would have graspt the sword. 20
O miserable men, who have disgraced
Your fathers, whom your sons must blush to name!

Ay,.. ye can threaten me ! ye can be brave
In anger to a woman ! one whose virtue 24
Upbraids your coward vice ; whose name will live
Honour'd and praised in song, when not a hand
Shall root from your forgotten monuments
The cankering moss. Fools ! fools ! to think that death
Is not a thing familiar to my mind ;
As if I knew not what must consummate 30
My glory ! as if aught that earth can give
Could tempt me to endure the load of life !..
Scotchmen ! ye saw when Fergus to the altar
Led me, his maiden Queen. Ye blest me then,.. 34
I heard you bless me,.. and I thought that Heaven
Had heard you also, and that I was blest ;
For I loved Fergus. Bear me witness, God !
With what a heart and soul sincerity
My lips pronounced the unrecallable vow 39
That made me his, him mine ; bear witness, Thou !

Before whose throne I this day must appear
 Stain'd with his blood and mine ! My heart was his,..
 His in the strength of all its first affections.
 In all obedience, in all love, I kept
 Holy my marriage-vow. Behold me, Thanes ! 45
 Time hath not changed the face on which his eye
 So often dwelt, when with assiduous care
 He sought my love, with seeming truth, for one,
 Sincere herself, impossible to doubt. 49
 Time hath not changed that face !.. I speak not now
 With pride of beauties that will feed the worm
 To-morrow ; but with honest pride I say,
 That if the truest and the purest love
 Deserved requital, such was ever mine.
 How often reeking from the adulterous bed 55
 Have I received him ! and with no complaint.
 Neglect and insult, cruelty and scorn,
 Long, long did I endure, and long curb down
 The indignant nature.

Tell your countrymen,
 Scotchmen, what I have spoken ! Say to them 60
 Ye saw the Queen of Scotland lift the dagger
 Red from her husband's heart, that in her own
 She plunged it. *Stabs herself.*

Tell them also, that she felt
 No guilty fear in death.

Westbury, 1798.

LUCRETIA.

Scene, *The House of Collatine.*

WELCOME, my father ! good Valerius,
Welcome ! and thou too, Brutus ! ye were both
My wedding guests, and fitly ye are come.
My husband.. Collatine.. alas ! no more
Lucretia's husband, for thou shalt not clasp 5
Pollution to thy bosom,... hear me on !
For I must tell thee all.

I sat at eve
Spinning amid my maidens as I wont,
When from the camp at Ardea Sextus came.
Curb down thy swelling feelings, Collatine ! 10
I little liked the man ! yet, for he came
From Ardea, for he brought me news of thee,
I gladly gave him welcome ; gladly listen'd, ..
Thou canst not tell how gladly, .. to his tales
Of battles, and the long and perilous siege ; 15
And when I laid me down at night to sleep,
'T was with a lighten'd heart,.. I knew thee safe,
My visions were of thee.

Nay, hear me out !
And be thou wise in vengeance, so thy wife
Not vainly shall have suffer'd. I have wrought 20
My soul up to the business of this hour,
That it may stir your noble spirits, and prompt
Such glorious deeds that ages yet unborn

Shall bless my fate. At midnight I awoke,
 The Tarquin was beside me ! O my husband, 25
 Where wert thou then ! gone was my rebel strength,..
 All power of utterance gone ! astonish'd, stunn'd,
 I saw the coward ruffian, heard him urge
 His wicked suit, and bid me tamely yield,..
 Yield to dishonour. When he proffer'd death,.. 30
 Oh, I had leapt to meet the merciful sword !
 But that with most accursed vows he vow'd,
 That he would lay a dead slave by my side,
 Murdering my spotless honour... Collatine,
 From what an anguish have I rescued thee ! 35
 And thou, my father, wretched as thou art,
 Thou miserable, childless, poor old man,...
 Think, father, what that agony had been !
 Now thou may'st sorrow for me, thou may'st bless
 The memory of thy poor, polluted child. 40

Look if it have not kindled Brutus' eye :
 Mysterious man ! at last I know thee now,
 I see thy dawning glories !.. to the grave
 Not unrevenged Lucretia shall descend ;
 Not always shall her wretched country wear 45
 The Tarquin's yoke ! Ye will deliver Rome,
 And I have comfort in this dreadful hour.

Thinkest thou, my husband, that I dreaded death ?
 O Collatine ! the weapon that had gored
 My bosom had been ease, been happiness,.. 50
 Elysium, to the hell of his hot grasp.
 Judge if Lucretia could have fear'd to die !

Stabs herself.

LA CABA.

This monodrama was written several years before the author had any intention of treating at greater length the portion of Spanish history to which it relates. It is founded upon the following passage in the *Historia Verdadera del Rey Don Rodrigo*, which Miguel de Luna translated from the Arabic.

Aviendose despedido en la Ciudad de Cordoba el Conde Don Julian de aquellos Generales, recogió toda su gente, deudos y criados; y porque sus tierras estaban tan perhidas y maltratadas, se fue á un lugar pequeño, que está fabricado en la ribera del mar Mediterraneo, en la provincia que llaman Vandalucia, á la qual nombraron los Christianos en su lengua Villaviciosa. Y aviendo llegado á ella, dió orden de embiar por su muger, y hija, que estaban detenidas en aquellas partes de Africa, en una Ciudad que está en la ribera del mar, la qual se llama Tanjer, para desde alli aguardar el suceso de la conquista de España en que avia de parar: las quales llegadas en aquella Villa, el Conde D. Julian las recibió con mucho contento, porque tenia bien sentida su larga ausencia. Y aviendo descansado, desde ulli el Conde dava orden con mucha diligencia para poblar y restaurar sus tierras, para ir á vivir á ellas. Su hija estava muy triste y afligida; y por mucho que su padre y madre la regalavan, nunca la podian contentar, ni alegrar. Imaginava la grande perdida de España, y la grande destruicion de los Christianos, con tantas muertes, y cautiverios, robadas sus haziendas, y que ella huviesse sido causa principal, cabeza, y ocasion de aquella perdicion; y sobre todo ello le crecian mas sus pesadumbres en verse deshonrada,

y sin esperanza de tener estudio, segun ella deseava. Con esta imaginacion, engañada del demonio, determinó entresi de morir desesperada; y un dia se subió á una torre, cerrando la puerta della por dedentro, porque no fuesse estorvada de aquel hecho que queria hazer; y dixo á una ama suya, que le llamasse á su padre y madre, que les queria dezir un poco. Y siendo venidos, desde lo alto de aquella torre les hizo un razonamiento muy lastimoso, diziendoles al fin dél, que muger tan desdichada como ella era, y tan desventurada, no merceia vivir en el mundo con tanta deshonna, mayormente aviendo sido causa de tanto mal y destruicion. Y luego les dixo, Padres, en memoria de mi desdicha, de aqui adelante no se llame esta Ciudad, Villaviciosa, sino Maluca; Oy se acaba en ella la mas mala muger que hubo en el mundo. Y acabadas estas palabras, sin mas oir á sus padres, ni á nadie de los que estavan presentes, por muchos ruegos que la hizieron, y amonestaciones que no se echasse abaxo, se dexó caer en el suelo; y llevada medio muerta, vivió como tres dias, y luego murió. — Fue causa este desastre y desesperacion de mucho escandalo, y notable memoria, entre los Moros y Christianos: y desde alle adelante se llamo aquella Ciudad Malaya corruptamente por los Christianos; y de los Arúbes fue llamada Malaca, en memoria de aquellas palabras que dixo quando se echó de la torre, no se llame Villaviciosa, sino Malaca, porque ca, en lenguaje Español quiere dezir porque; y porque dixo, ca, oy se acaba en ella la mas mala muger que hubo en el mundo, se compuso este nombre de Mula y ca.— Cap. xviii. pp. 81. 83.

Bleda, who has incorporated Miguel de Luna's story in his *Cronica de los Moros de España*, pp. 193, 194., has the following curious passage concerning La Caba.

Fue la hermosura desta dama no menos dañosa á España, que la de Elena á Troya. Llamaronla los Moros por mal nombre La Cava; y nota el Padre Fray Estevan de Salazar, Cartuxo, en los discursos doctissimos sobre el Credo, que esto no fue sin mysterio: porque el nombre de nuestra primera madre en el Hebreo no se pronuncia Eva, sino Cavañ: de

suerte que tuvieron un mismo nombre dos mugeres que fueron ruyna de los hombres, la una en todo el mundo, y la otra en España. — BLEDA, p. 146.

Morales supposes that the Gate at Malaga derived its name not from the death of La Caba, but from her having passed through it on her way to Africa.

En Malaga he visto la puerta en el muro, que llaman de La Cava, y dicen le quedó aquel nombre, habiendo salido esta vez por ella embarcarse. Y la gran desventura que luego sucedió, dejó tristemente notable aquel lugar. — MORALES, l. xii. cap. lxvii. § 4.

The very different view which I have taken of this subject when treating it upon a great scale, renders it proper to substitute for Julian in this earlier production the name of Illan, for which the *Coronica de España* affords authority, and to call his daughter as she is named in that spirited Ode by P. Luis de Leon, of which a good translation may be found in Russell's poems.

FATHER! Count Illan! here — what here I say, —
 Aloft.. look up!... aye, father, here I stand,
 Safe of my purpose now! The way is barr'd; —
 Thou need'st not hasten hither! — Ho! Count Illan,
 I tell thee I have barr'd the battlements! 5
 I tell thee that no human power can curb
 A desperate will. The poison and the knife..
 These thou couldst wrest from me; but here I stand
 Beyond thy thrall; free mistress of myself.
 Though thou hadst wings thou could'st not overtake
 My purpose. I command my destiny. 11
 Would I stand dallying on Death's threshold here,
 If it were possible that hand of man

Could pluck me back ?

Why didst thou bring me here
 To set my foot, reluctant as I was, 15
 On this most injured and unhappy land ?
 Yonder in Afric .. on a foreign shore,
 I might have linger'd out my wretched life...
 I might have found some distant lurking place,
 Where my accursed tale was never known ; 20
 Where Gothic speech would never reach my ear,—
 Where among savages I might have fled
 The leprous curse of infamy ! But here—
 In Spain, — in my own country ; — night and morn
 Where all good people curse me in their prayers ;
 Where every Moorish accent that I hear 26
 Doth tell me of my country's overthrow,
 Doth stab me like a dagger to the soul ;
 Here — here — in desolated Spain, whose fields
 Yet reek to Heaven with blood, — whose slaughter'd
 sons 30

Lie rotting in the open light of day,
 My victims ; — said I mine ? Nay—nay Count Illan,
 They are thy victims ! at the throne of God
 Their spirits call for vengeance on thy head ;
 Their blood is on thy soul, — even I, myself 35
 I am thy victim too, — and this death more
 Must yet be placed in Hell to thy account.

O my dear Country ! O my mother Spain !
 My cradle and my grave ! — for thou art dear,
 And nurst to thy undoing as I was,
 Still, still I am thy child — and love thee still ; 40
 I shall be written in thy chronicles

The veryest wretch that ever yet betray'd
Her native land ! From sire to son my name
Will be transmitted down for infamy ! — 45
Never again will mother call her child
La Caba, — an Iscariot curse will lie
Upon the name, and children in their songs
Will teach the rocks and hills to echo with it
Strumpet and traitoress !

This is thy work, father'

Nay tell me not my shame is wash'd away — 51
That all this ruin and this misery
Is vengeance for my wrongs. I ask'd not this, —
I call'd for open, manly, Gothic vengeance.
Thou wert a vassal, and thy villain lord 55
Most falsely and most foully broke his faith ;
Thou wert a father, and the lustful king
By force abused thy child ; — Thou hadst a sword,
Shame on thee to call in the scymetar
To do thy work ! Thou wert a Goth—a Christian—
Son of an old and honourable house, — 61
It was my boast, my proudest happiness,
To think I was the daughter of Count Illan.
Fool that I am to call this African
By that good name ! Oh do not spread thy hands
To me ! — and put not on that father's look ! 66
Moor ! turbaned misbeliever ! renegade !
Circumcised traitor ! Thou Count Illan, Thou !—
Thou my dear father ? — cover me, O Earth !
Hell hide me from the knowledge ! 70

THE
 AMATORY POEMS
 OF
 ABEL SHUFFLEBOTTOM.

SONNET I.

DELIA AT PLAY.

SHE held a *Cup and Ball* of ivory white,
Less white the ivory than her *snowy* hand !
 Enrapt, I watch'd her from my secret stand,
 As now, intent, in *innocent* delight,
 Her *taper* fingers twirl'd the giddy ball,
 Now tost it, following still with *EAGLE* sight,
 Now on the pointed end *infix'd* its fall.
 Marking her sport I mused, and musing sigh'd,
 Methought the *BALL* she play'd with was my *HEART* ;
 (Alas ! that sport like *that* should be her pride !)
 And the *keen point* which stedfast still she eyed
 Wherewith to pierce it, that was *CUPID's dart* ;
 Shall I not then the cruel Fair condemn
 Who on *that dart* *IMPALES* my *BOSOM'S GEM* ?

SONNET II.

TO A PAINTER ATTEMPTING DELIA'S PORTRAIT.

RASH Painter ! canst thou give the ORB OF DAY
In all its noontide glory ? or portray
The DIAMOND, that athwart the *taper'd* hall
Flings the rich flashes of its dazzling light ?
Even if thine art could boast such *magic might*,
Yet if it strove to paint *my Angel's EYE*,
Here it perforce must fail. Cease ! lest I call
Heaven's vengeance on thy sin : Must thou be told
The CRIME it is to paint DIVINITY ?
Rash Painter ! should the world her charms behold,
Dim and defiled, as there they needs must be,
They to their *old idolatry* would fall,
And bend before her form the *pagan* knee,
Fairer than VENUS, DAUGHTER OF THE SEA.

SONNET III.

HE PROVES THE EXISTENCE OF A SOUL FROM
HIS LOVE FOR DELIA.

SOME have denied a soul ! THEY NEVER LOVED.
Far from my Delia now by fate removed,
At home, abroad, I view her every where ;
Her ONLY in the FLOOD OF NOON I sce,
My *Goddess-Maid*, my OMNIPRESENT FAIR,
For LOVE annihilates the world to me !
And when the weary SOL *around his bed*
Closes the SABLE CURTAINS of the night,
SUN OF MY SLUMBERS, on my dazzled sight
SHE shines confest. When *every sound is dead,*
The SPIRIT OF HER VOICE comes then to *roll*
The *surge of music* o'er my wavy brain.
Far, far from her my *Body* drags its chain,
But sure with Delia *I exist* A SOUL !

SONNET IV.

THE POET EXPRESSES HIS FEELINGS RESPECTING
A PORTRAIT IN DELIA'S PARLOUR.

I WOULD I were that portly Gentleman
With gold-laced hat and golden-headed cane,
Who hangs in Delia's parlour ! For whene'er
From book or needlework her looks arise,
On him *converge the SUN-BEAMS of her eyes*,
And he *unblamed* may gaze upon MY FAIR,
And oft MY FAIR his *favour'd* form surveys.
O HAPPY PICTURE ! still on HER to gaze ;
I envy him ! and jealous fear alarms,
Lest the STRONG *glance* of those *divinest* charms
WARM HIM TO LIFE, as in the ancient days,
When MARBLE MELTED in Pygmalion's arms.
I would I were that portly Gentleman
With gold-laced hat and golden-headed cane.

LOVE ELEGIES.

ELEGY I.

THE POET RELATES HOW HE OBTAINED DELIA'S
POCKET-HANDKERCHIEF.

'T is mine ! what accents can my joy declare ?
Blest be the pressure of the thronging rout !
Blest be the hand so hasty of my fair,
That left the *tempting corner* hanging out !

I envy not the joy the pilgrim feels,
After long travel to some distant shrine,
When at the relic of his saint he kneels,
For Delia's POCKET-HANDKERCHIEF IS MINE.

When first with *filching fingers* I drew near,
Keen hope shot tremulous through every vein ;
And when the *finish'd deed* removed my fear,
Scarce could my bounding heart its joy contain.

What though the Eighth Commandment rose to mind,
It only served a moment's qualm to move ;
For thefts like this it could not be design'd,
The Eighth Commandment WAS NOT MADE FOR
LOVE !

Here when she took the macaroons from me,
She wiped her mouth to clean the crumbs so sweet!
Dear napkin ! yes, she wiped her lips in thee !
Lips *sweeter* than the *macaroons* she eat.

And when she took that pinch of Mocabaw,
That made my Love so *delicately* sneeze,
Thee to her Roman nose applied I saw,
And thou art doubly dear for things like these.

No washerwoman's filthy hand shall e'er,
SWEET POCKET-HANDKERCHIEF ! thy worth pro-
fane ;
For thou hast touch'd the *rubies* of my fair,
And I will kiss thee o'er and o'er again.

ELEGY II.

THE POET INVOKES THE SPIRITS OF THE ELEMENTS
TO APPROACH DELIA. — HE DESCRIBES HER
SINGING.

YE SYLPHS, who *banquet* on my Delia's blush,
Who on her locks of FLOATING GOLD repose,
Dip in her cheek your GOSSAMERY BRUSH,
And with its bloom of beauty *tinge* THE ROSE.

Hover around her lips on *rainbow wing*,
Load from her honey'd breath your *viewless* feet,
Bear thence a richer fragrance for the Spring,
And make the lily and the violet sweet.

YE GNOMES, whose toil through many a dateless year
Its nurture to the infant gem supplies,
From central caverns bring your diamonds here,
To *ripen in the* SUN OF DELIA'S EYES.

And ye who bathe in Etna's lava springs,
Spirits of fire ! to see my love advance ;
Fly, SALAMANDERS, on ASBESTOS' wings,
To wanton in my Delia's *fiery* glance.

She weeps, she weeps ! her eye with anguish swells,
Some tale of sorrow melts my FEELING GIRL !
NYMPHS ! catch the tears, and in your lucid shells
Enclose them, EMBRYOS OF THE ORIENT PEARL.

She sings ! the Nightingale with envy hears,
The CHERUB listens from his starry throne,
And motionless are stopt the attentive SPHERES,
To hear *more heavenly music* than their own.

Cease, Delia, cease ! for all the ANGEL THRONE,
Hearkening to thee, let sleep their golden wires !
Cease, Delia, cease that *too surpassing* song,
Lest, *stung to envy*, they should break their lyres.

Cease, ere my senses are to madness driven
By the strong joy ! Cease, Delia, lest my soul,
Enrapt, already THINK ITSELF IN HEAVEN,
And burst the feeble Body's frail controul.

ELEGY III.

THE POET EXPATIATES ON THE BEAUTY OF DELIA'S
HAIR.

THE comb between whose ivory teeth she strains
The straitening curls of gold so *beamy bright*,
Not spotless merely from the touch remains,
But issues forth *more pure, more milky white*.

The rose-pomatum that the FRISEUR spreads
Sometimes with honour'd fingers for my fair,
No added perfume on her tresses sheds,
But borrows sweetness from her sweeter hair.

Happy the FRISEUR who in Delia's hair
With licensed fingers uncontroul'd may rove !
And happy in his death the DANCING BEAR,
Who died to make pomatum for my LOVE.

Oh could I hope that e'er my favour'd lays
Might *curl those lovely locks* with conscious pride,
Nor Hammond, nor the Mantuan Shepherd's praise,
I'd envy then, nor wish reward beside.

Cupid has strung from you, O tresses fine,
The bow that in my breast impell'd his dart ;
From you, sweet locks ! he wove the subtle line
Wherewith the urchin *angled for MY HEART*.

Fine are my Delia's tresses as the threads
That from the silk-worm, *self-interr'd*, proceed ;
Fine as the GLEAMY GOSSAMER that spreads
Its filmy web-work o'er the tangled mead.

Yet with these tresses Cupid's power elate
My captive *heart* has *handcuff'd* in a chain,
Strong as the cables of some huge first-rate,
THAT BEARS BRITANNIA'S THUNDERS O'ER THE
MAIN.

The SYLPHS that round her radiant locks repair,
In *flowing lustre* bathe their brightening wings ;
And ELFIN MINSTRELS with assiduous care
The ringlets rob for FAERY FIDDLE-STRINGS.

ELEGY IV.

THE POET RELATES HOW HE STOLE A LOCK OF
DELIA'S HAIR, AND HER ANGER.

Oh ! be the day accurst that gave me birth !
Ye Seas, to swallow me in kindness rise !
Fall on me, Mountains ! and thou merciful Earth,
Open, and hide me from my Delia's eyes !

Let universal Chaos now return,
Now let the central fires their prison burst,
And EARTH and HEAVEN and AIR and OCEAN burn..
For Delia FROWNS..SHE FROWNS, *and I am curst !*

Oh ! I could dare the fury of the fight,
Where hostile MILLIONS sought my single life ;
Would storm VOLCANO BATTERIES with delight,
And grapple with GRIM DEATH in glorious strife.

Oh ! I could brave the bolts of angry JOVE,
When ceaseless lightnings fire the midnight skies ;
What is *his wrath* to that of HER I love ?
What is his LIGHTNING to my DELIA'S EYES ?

Go, fatal lock ! I cast thee to the wind ;
Ye *serpent CURLS*, ye *poison-tendrils*, go !
Would I could tear thy memory from my mind,
ACCURSED LOCK, .. thou cause of all my woe !

Seize the CURST CURLS, ye Furies, as they fly !
Demons of Darkness, guard the infernal roll,
That thence your cruel vengeance when I die,
May *knit the* KNOTS OF TORTURE *for my* SOUL.

Last night,.. Oh hear me, Heaven, and grant my
prayer !
The BOOK OF FATE before thy suppliant lay,
And let me from its ample records tear
Only the single PAGE OF YESTERDAY !

Or let me meet OLD TIME upon his flight,
And I will STOP HIM on his restless way ;
Omnipotent in Love's resistless might,
I'll force him back the ROAD OF YESTERDAY.

Last night, as o'er the page of Love's despair,
My Delia bent *deliciously* to grieve,
I stood a *treacherous loiterer* by her chair,
And drew the FATAL SCISSARS from my sleeve :

And would that at that instant o'er my thread
The SHEARS OF ATROPOS had open'd then ;
And when I reft the lock from Delia's head,
Had cut me sudden from the sons of men !

She heard the scissars that fair lock divide,
And whilst my heart with transport panted big,
She cast a FURY frown on me, and cried,
“ You stupid Puppy,.. you have spoil'd my Wig!”

Westbury, 1799.

LYRIC POEMS.

TO HORROR.

Τὴν γὰρ ποτα εἶσομαι
 τὰν καὶ σκύλινες τρομέοντι
 Ἐρχομένην νεκύων ἀνά τ' ἡριά, καὶ μέλαν αἶμα.
 THEOCRITUS.

DARK Horror ! hear my call !
 Stern Genius, hear from thy retreat
 On some old sepulchre's moss-canker'd seat,
 Beneath the Abbey's ivied wall
 That trembles o'er its shade ;
 Where wrapt in midnight gloom, alone,
 Thou lovest to lie and hear
 The roar of waters near,
 And listen to the deep dull groan
 Of some perturbed sprite
 Borne fitful on the heavy gales of night.

Or whether o'er some wide waste hill
 Thou see'st the traveller stray,
 Bewilder'd on his lonely way,
 When, loud and keen and chill,
 The evening winds of winter blow,
 Drifting deep the dismal snow.

Or if thou followest now on Greenland's shore,
With all thy terrors, on the lonely way
Of some wreck'd mariner, where to the roar
Of herded bears, the floating ice-hills round
Return their echoing sound,
And by the dim drear Boreal light
Givest half his dangers to the wretch's sight.

Or if thy fury form,
When o'er the midnight deep
The dark-wing'd tempests sweep,
Beholds from some high cliff the increasing storm,
Watching with strange delight,
As the black billows to the thunder rave,
When by the lightning's light
Thou see'st the tall ship sink beneath the wave.

Bear me in spirit where the field of fight
Scatters contagion on the tainted gale,
When, to the Moon's faint beam,
On many a carcase shine the dews of night,
And a dead silence stills the vale,
Save when at times is heard the glutt'd Raven's scream.

Where some wreck'd army from the Conqueror's might
Speed their disastrous flight,
With thee, fierce Genius ! let me trace their way,
And hear at times the deep heart-groan
Of some poor sufferer left to die alone ;
And we will pause, where, on the wild,
The mother to her breast,
On the heap'd snows reclining, clasps her child,
Not to be pitied now, for both are now at rest.

Black HORROR ! speed we to the bed of Death,
Where one who wide and far
Hath sent abroad the myriad plagues of war
Struggles with his last breath ;
Then to his wildly-starting eyes
The spectres of the slaughter'd rise ;
Then on his phrensied ear
Their calls for vengeance and the Demons' yell
In one heart-maddening chorus swell ;
Cold on his brow convulsing stands the dew,
And night eternal darkens on his view.

HORROR ! I call thee yet once more !
Bear me to that accursed shore,
Where on the stake the Negro writhes.
Assume thy sacred terrors then ! dispense
The gales of Pestilence !
Arouse the opprest ; teach them to know their power ;
Lead them to vengeance ! and in that dread hour
When ruin rages wide,
I will behold and smile by MERCY's side.

Bristol, 1791.

TO CONTEMPLATION.

καὶ παῖς φιλέοιμι τὸν ἐγγύθεν ἦχον ἀκούειν,
 "Α τέρπει φοφέοισα τὸν ἀγρικόν, οὐχὶ ταρασσεί.

MOECHUS.

FAINT gleams the evening radiance through the sky,
 The sober twilight dimly darkens round ;
 In short quick circles the shrill bat flits by,
 And the slow vapour curls along the ground.

Now the pleased eye from yon lone cottage sees
 On the green mead the smoke long-shadowing play ;
 The Red-breast on the blossom'd spray
 Warbles wild her latest lay ;
 And lo ! the Rooks to yon high-tufted trees
 Wing in long files vociferous their way.
 Calm CONTEMPLATION, 't is thy favourite hour !
 Come, tranquillizing Power !

I view thee on the calm shore
 When Ocean stills his waves to rest ;
 Or when slow-moving on the surges hoar
 Meet with deep hollow roar
 And whiten o'er his breast ;
 And when the Moon with softer radiance gleams,
 And lovelier heave the billows in her beams.

When the low gales of evening moan along,
I love with thee to feel the calm cool breeze,
And roam the pathless forest wilds among,
Listening the mellow murmur of the trees
Full-foliaged, as they wave their heads on high,
And to the winds respond in symphony.

Or lead me where amid the tranquil vale
The broken streamlet flows in silver light ;
And I will linger where the gale
O'er the bank of violets sighs,
Listening to hear its soften'd sounds arise ;
And hearken the dull beetle's drowsy flight,
And watch the tube-eyed snail
Creep o'er his long moon-glittering trail,
And mark where radiant through the night
Shines in the grass-green hedge the glow-worm's
living light.

Thee, meekest Power ! I love to meet,
As oft with solitary pace
The ruin'd Abbey's hallowed rounds I trace,
And listen to the echoings of my feet.
Or on some half-demolish'd tomb,
Whose warning texts anticipate my doom,
Mark the clear orb of night
Cast through the ivy'd arch a broken light.

Nor will I not in some more gloomy hour
Invoke with fearless awe thine holier power,
Wandering beneath the sacred pile
When the blast moans along the darksome aisle,
And clattering patters all around
The midnight shower with dreary sound.

But sweeter 'tis to wander wild
By melancholy dreams beguiled,
While the summer moon's pale ray
Faintly guides me on my way
To some lone romantic glen
Far from all the haunts of men ;
Where no noise of uproar rude
Breaks the calm of solitude ;
But soothing Silence sleeps in all,
Save the neighbouring waterfall,
Whose hoarse waters falling near
Load with hollow sounds the ear,
And with down-dasht torrent white
Gleam hoary through the shades of night.

Thus wandering silent on and slow,
I'll nurse Reflection's sacred woe,
And muse upon the happier day
When Hope would weave her visions gay,
Ere Fancy, chill'd by adverse fate,
Left sad Reality my mate.

O CONTEMPLATION ! when to Memory's eyes
The visions of the long-past days arise,
Thy holy power imparts the best relief,
And the calm'd Spirit loves the joy of grief.

Bristol, 1792.



TO A FRIEND.

Oh my faithful Friend !

Oh early chosen, ever found the same,
 And trusted and beloved ! once more the verse
 Long destined, always obvious to thine ear,
 Attend indulgent. AKENSIDE

AND would'st thou seek the low abode
 Where Peace delights to dwell ?
 Pause, Traveller, on thy way of life !
 With many a snare and peril rife
 Is that long labyrinth of road !
 Dark is the vale of years before ;
 Pause, Traveller, on thy way,
 Nor dare the dangerous path explore
 Till old Experience comes to lend his leading ray.

Not he who comes with lanthorn light
 Shall guide thy groping pace aright
 With faltering feet and slow ;
 No ! let him rear the torch on high,
 And every maze shall meet thine eye,
 And every snare and every foe ;
 Then with steady step and strong,
 Traveller, shalt thou march along.

Though Power invite thee to her hall,
Regard not thou her tempting call,
Her splendour's meteor glare ;
Though courteous Flattery there await,
And Wealth adorn the dome of State,
There stalks the midnight spectre Care :
Peace, Traveller, doth not sojourn there.

If Fame allure thee, climb not thou
To that steep mountain's craggy brow
Where stands her stately pile ;
For far from thence doth Peace abide,
And thou shalt find Fame's favouring smile
Cold as the feeble Sun on Hecla's snow-clad side.

And, Traveller ! as thou hopest to find
That low and loved abode,
Retire thee from the thronging road,
And shun the mob of human-kind.
Ah ! hear how old Experience schools,
“ Fly, fly the crowd of Knaves and Fools,
“ And thou shalt fly from woe !
“ The one thy heedless heart will greet
“ With Judas-smile, and thou wilt meet
“ In every Fool a Foe !”

So safely may'st thou pass from these,
And reach secure the home of Peace,
And Friendship find thee there ;
No happier state can mortal know,
No happier lot can Earth bestow,
If Love thy lot shall share.

Yet still Content with him may dwell
Whom Hymen will not bless,
And Virtue sojourn in the cell
Of hermit Happiness.

Bristol, 1793.

REMEMBRANCE.

The remembrance of Youth is a sigh.

ALL.

MAN hath a weary pilgrimage
As through the world he wends,
On every stage from youth to age
Still discontent attends ;
With heaviness he casts his eye
Upon the road before,
And still remembers with a sigh
The days that are no more.

To school the little exile goes,
Torn from his mother's arms,..
What then shall soothe his earliest woes,
When novelty hath lost its charms ?
Condemn'd to suffer through the day
Restraints which no rewards repay,
And cares where love has no concern,
Hope lengthens as she counts the hours
Before his wish'd return.
From hard controul and tyrant rules,
The unfeeling discipline of schools,
In thought he loves to roam,
And tears will struggle in his eye
While he remembers with a sigh
The comforts of his home.

Youth comes : the toils and cares of life
Torment the restless mind ;
Where shall the tired and harass'd heart
Its consolation find ?
Then is not Youth, as Fancy tells,
Life's summer prime of joy ?
Ah no ! for hopes too long delay'd
And feelings blasted or betray'd,
It's fabled bliss destroy ;
And Youth remembers with a sigh
The careless days of Infancy.

Maturer Manhood now arrives,
And other thoughts come on,
But with the baseless hopes of Youth
Its generous warmth is gone ;
Cold calculating cares succeed,
The timid thought, the wary deed,
The dull realities of truth ;
Back on the past he turns his eye,
Remembering with an envious sigh
The happy dreams of Youth.

So reaches he the latter stage
Of this our mortal pilgrimage,
With feeble step and slow ;
New ills that latter stage await,
And old Experience learns too late
That all is vanity below.
Life's vain delusions are gone by
Its idle hopes are o'er,
Yet age remembers with a sigh
The days that are no more.

THE SOLDIER'S WIFE.

DACTYLICS.

WEARY way-wanderer, languid and sick at heart,
Travelling painfully over the rugged road,
Wild-visaged Wanderer ! God help thee wretched
one !

Sorely thy little one drags by thee bare-footed,
Cold is the baby that hangs at thy bending back,
Meagre and livid and screaming for misery.

* Woe-begone mother, half anger, half agony,
As over thy shoulder thou lookest to hush the babe,
Bleakly the blinding snow beats in thy haggard face.

Ne'er will thy husband return from the war again,
Cold is thy heart and as frozen as Charity !
Cold are thy children.—Now God be thy comforter !

Bristol, 1795.

• This Stanza was written by S. T. COLERIDGE.

THE WIDOW.

SAPPHICS.

COLD was the night wind, drifting fast the snow fell,
 Wide were the downs and shelterless and naked,
 When a poor Wanderer struggled on her journey,
 Weary and way-sore.

Drear were the downs, more dreary her reflections;
 Cold was the night-wind, colder was her bosom:
 She had no home, the world was all before her,
 She had no shelter.

Fast o'er the heath a chariot rattled by her,
 "Pity me!" feebly cried the lonely wanderer;
 "Pity me, strangers! lest with cold and hunger
 Here I should perish.

"Once I had friends,—though now by all forsaken!
 Once I had parents,—they are now in Heaven!
 I had a home once—I had once a husband—
 Pity me, strangers!

"I had a home once—I had once a husband—
 I am a widow, poor and broken-hearted!"
 Loud blew the wind, unheard was her complaining,
 On drove the chariot.

Then on the snow she laid her down to rest her ;
She heard a horseman, "Pity me !" she groan'd out ;
Loud was the wind, unheard was her complaining,
On went the horseman

Worn out with anguish, toil and cold and hunger,
Down sunk the Wanderer, sleep had seized her senses ;
There did the traveller find her in the morning ,
God had released her.

Bristol, 1795.

THE CHAPEL BELL.

Lo I, the man who from the Muse did ask
 Her deepest notes to swell the Patriot's meeds,
 Am now enforced, a far unfitter task,
 For cap and gown to leave my minstrel weeds ;
 For yon dull tone that tinkles on the air
 Bids me lay by the lyre and go to morning prayer

Oh how I hate the sound ! it is the knell
 That still a requiem tolls to Comfort's hour ;
 And loth am I, at Superstition's bell,
 To quit or Morpheus' or the Muse's bower :
 Better to lie and doze, than gape amain,
 Hearing still mumbled o'er the same eternal strain.

Thou tedious herald of more tedious prayers,
 Say, dost thou ever summon from his rest
 One being wakening to religious cares ?
 Or rouse one pious transport in the breast ?
 Or rather, do not all reluctant creep
 To linger out the time in listlessness or sleep ?

I love the bell that calls the poor to pray,
 Chiming from village church its cheerful sound,
 When the sun smiles on Labour's holy-day,
 And all the rustic train are gather'd round,
 Each deftly dizen'd in his Sunday's best,
 And pleased to hail the day of piety and rest.

And when, dim shadowing o'er the face of day
The mantling mists of even-tide rise slow,
As through the forest gloom I wend my way,
The minster curfew's sullen voice I know,
And pause, and love its solemn toll to hear,
As made by distance soft it dies upon the ear.

Nor with an idle nor unwilling ear
Do I receive the early passing-bell ;
For, sick at heart with many a secret care,
When I lie listening to the dead man's knell,
I think that in the grave all sorrows cease,
And would full fain recline my head and be at peace.

But thou, memorial of monastic gall !
What fancy sad or lightsome hast thou given ?
Thy vision-scaring sounds alone recall
The prayer that trembles on a yawn to heaven,
The snuffling, snaffling Fellow's nasal tone,
And Romish rites retain'd, though Romish faith be
flown.

Oxford, 1793.

TO HYMEN.

God of the torch, whose soul-illuming flame
 Beams brightest radiance o'er the human heart,
 Of many a woe the cure,
 Of many a joy the source ;

To thee I sing, if haply may the Muse
 Pour forth the song unblamed from these dull haunts,
 Where never beams thy torch
 To cheer the sullen scene.

I pour the song to thee, though haply doom'd
 Alone and unbeloved to pass my days ;
 Though doom'd perchance to die
 Alone and unbewail'd.

Yet will the lark albeit in cage enthrall'd
 Send out her voice to greet the morning sun,
 As wide his cheerful beams
 Light up the landscape round ;

When high in heaven she hears the caroling,
 The prisoner too begins her morning hymn,
 And hails the beam of joy,
 Of joy to her denied.

Friend to each better feeling of the soul,
I sing to thee, for many a joy is thine,
 And many a Virtue comes
 To join thy happy train.

Lured by the splendour of thy sacred torch,
The beacon-light of bliss, young Love draws near,
 And leads his willing slaves
 To wear thy flowery chain.

And chasten'd Friendship comes, whose mildest sway
Shall cheer the hour of age, when fainter burn
 The fading flame of Love,
 The fading flame of Life.

Parent of every bliss, the busy hand
Of Fancy oft will paint in brightest hues
 How calm, how clear, thy torch
 Illumes the wintry hour;

Will paint the wearied labourer at that hour,
When friendly darkness yields a pause to toil,
 Returning blithely home
 To each domestic joy;

Will paint the well-trimm'd fire, the frugal meal
Prepared with fond solicitude to please;
 The ruddy children round
 Climbing the father's knee.

And oft will Fancy rise above the lot
Of honest Poverty, and think how man
Nor rich, nor poor, enjoys
His best and happiest state ;

When toil no longer irksome and constrain'd
By hard necessity, but comes to please,
To vary the still hour
Of tranquil happiness.

Why, Fancy, wilt thou, o'er the lovely scene
Pouring thy vivid hues, why, sorceress bland,
Soothe sad reality
With visionary bliss ?

Turn thou thine eyes to where the hallowed light
Of Learning shines ; ah rather lead thy son
Along her mystic paths
To drink the sacred spring.

Lead calmly on along the unvaried path
To solitary Age's drear abode ; . . .
Is it not happiness
That gives the sting to Death ?

Well then is he whose unembitter'd years
Are waning on in lonely listlessness ;
If Life hath little joy,
Death hath for him no sting.

Oxford, 1794.

WRITTEN

ON THE FIRST OF DECEMBER.

THOUGH now no more the musing ear
Delights to listen to the breeze,
That lingers o'er the green-wood shade,
I love thee, Winter! well.

Sweet are the harmonies of Spring,
Sweet is the Summer's evening gale,
And sweet the Autumnal winds that shake
The many-colour'd grove.

And pleasant to the sober'd soul
The silence of the wintry scene,
When Nature shrouds herself, entranced
In deep tranquillity.

Not undelightful now to roam
The wild heath sparkling on the sight;
Not undelightful now to pace
The forest's ample rounds;

And see the spangled branches shine;
And mark the moss of many a hue
That varies the old tree's brown bark,
Or o'er the gray stone spreads.

And see the cluster'd berries bright
Amid the holly's gay green leaves;
The ivy round the leafless oak
That clasps its foliage close.

So Virtue diffident of strength
Clings to Religion's firmer aid;
So by Religion's aid upheld,
Endures calamity.

Nor void of beauties now the spring,
Whose waters hid from summer-sun
Have soothed the thirsty pilgrim's ear
With more than melody.

Green moss shines there with ice incased;
The long grass bends its spear-like form:
And lovely is the silvery scene
When faint the sun-beams smile.

Reflection too may love the hour
When Nature, hid in Winter's grave,
No more expands the bursting bud,
Or bids the flowret bloom;

For Nature soon in Spring's best charms,
Shall rise revived from Winter's grave,
Expand the bursting bud again,
And bid the flower re-bloom.

Bath, 1793.

WRITTEN

ON THE FIRST OF JANUARY.

COME, melancholy Moralizer, come !
Gather with me the dark and wintry wreath ;
 With me engarland now
 The Sepulchre of Time.

Come, Moralizer, to the funeral song !
I pour the dirge of the Departed Days ;
 For well the funeral song
 Befits this solemn hour.

But hark ! even now the merry bells ring round
With clamorous joy to welcome in this day,
 This consecrated day,
 To Joy and Merriment.

Mortal ! while Fortune with benignant hand
Fills to the brim thy cup of happiness,
 Whilst her unclouded sun
 Illumes thy summer day,

Canst thou rejoice, . . . rejoice that Time flies fast ?
That night shall shadow soon thy summer-sun ?
 That swift the stream of Years
 Rolls to Eternity ?

If thou hast wealth to gratify each wish,
If power be thine, remember what thou art !
 Remember thou art Man,
 And Death thine heritage !

Hast thou known Love ! Doth Beauty's better sun
Cheer thy fond heart with no capricious smile,
 Her eye all eloquence,
 All harmony her voice ?

Oh state of happiness ! . . . Hark ! how the gale
Moans deep and hollow through the leafless grove !
 Winter is dark and cold ;
 Where now the charms of Spring !

Say'st thou that Fancy paints the future scene
In hues too sombrous ? that the dark-stoled Maid
 With frowning front severe
 Appals the shuddering soul ?

And would'st thou bid me court her fairy form,
When, as she sports her in some happier mood,
 Her many-coloured robes
 Float varying in the sun ?

Ah ! vainly does the Pilgrim, whose long road
Leads o'er a barren mountain's storm-vext height,
 With wistful eye behold
 Some quiet vale, far off.

And there are those who love the pensive song,
To whom all sounds of Mirth are dissonant;
 Them in accordant mood
 This thoughtful strain will find.

For hopeless Sorrow hails the lapse of Time,
Rejoicing when the fading orb of day
 Is sunk again in night,
 That one day more is gone.

And he who bears Affliction's heavy load
With patient piety, well pleased he knows
 The World a pilgrimage,
 The Grave his inn of rest.

Bath, 1794.

WRITTEN
ON SUNDAY MORNING.

Go thou and seek the House of Prayer !
 I to the woodlands wend, and there
 In lovely Nature see the God of Love.
 The swelling organ's peal
 Wakes not my soul to zeal,
 Like the sweet music of the vernal grove.
 The gorgeous altar and the mystic vest
 Excite not such devotion in my breast,
 As where the noon-tide beam
 Flash'd from some broken stream,
 Vibrates on the dazzled sight ;
 Or where the cloud-suspended rain
 Sweeps in shadows o'er the plain ;
 Or when reclining on the cliff's huge height
 I mark the billows burst in silver light.

Go thou and seek the House of Prayer !
 I to the Woodlands shall repair,
 Feed with all Nature's charms mine eyes,
 And hear all Nature's melodies.
 The primrose bank will there dispense
 Faint fragrance to the awaken'd sense ;
 The morning beams that life and joy impart,
 Will with their influence warm my heart,

And the full tear that down my cheek will steal,
Will speak the prayer of praise I feel.

Go thou and seek the House of Prayer !
I to the Woodlands bend my way,
And meet Religion there !
She needs not haunt the high-arch'd dome to pray,
Where storied windows dim the doubtful day ;
At liberty she loves to rove,
Wide o'er the heathy hill or cowslipt dale ;
Or seek the shelter of the embowering grove,
Or with the streamlet wind along the vale.
Sweet are these scenes to her ; and when the Night
Pours in the North her silver streams of light,
She woos reflection in the silent gloom,
And ponders on the world to come.

Bristol, 1795.

THE RACE OF BANQUO.

A FRAGMENT.

" FLY, son of Banquo ! Fleance, fly !
 Leave thy guilty sire to die !"
 O'er the heath the stripling fled,
 The wild storm howling round his head ;
 Fear, mightier through the shades of night,
 Urged his feet, and wing'd his flight ;
 And still he heard his father's cry,
 " Fly, son of Banquo ! Fleance, fly !"

" Fly, son of Banquo ! Fleance, fly !
 Leave thy guilty sire to die !"
 On every blast was heard the moan,
 The anguish'd shriek, the death-fraught groan ;
 Loathly night-hags join the yell,
 And lo ! — the midnight rites of Hell !

" Forms of magic ! spare my life !"
 Shield me from the murderer's knife !
 Before me dim in lurid light
 Float the phantoms of the night—
 Behind I hear my Father cry,
 Fly, son of Banquo — Fleance, fly !"

" Parent of the sceptred race,
 Boldly tread the circled space ;

Boldly, Fleance, venture near,
Sire of monarchs, spurn at fear.
Sisters, with prophetic breath,
Pour we now the dirge of Death !”

* * * * *

Oxford, 1793.

WRITTEN IN ALENTEJO,

JANUARY 23. 1796.

1.

WHEN at morn, the Muleteer
 With early call announces day,
 Sorrowing that early call I hear,
 Which scares the visions of delight away :
 For dear to me the silent hour
 When sleep exerts its wizard power.
 And busy Fancy then let free,
 Borne on the wings of Hope, my Edith, flies to thee.

2.

When the slant sunbeams crest
 The mountain's shadowy breast ;
 When on the upland slope
 Shines the green myrtle wet with morning dew,
 And lovely as the youthful dreams of Hope,
 The dim-seen landscape opens on the view.
 I gaze around with raptured eyes
 On Nature's charms, where no illusion lies,
 And drop the joy and memory mingled tear,
 And sigh to think that Edith is not here.

3.

At the cool hour of even,
When all is calm and still,
And o'er the western hill
A richer radiance robes the mellow'd heaven,
Absorb'd in darkness thence,
When slowly fades in night
The dim decaying light,
Like the fair day-dreams of Benevolence;
Fatigued, and sad, and slow
Along my lonely way I go,
And muse upon the distant day,
And sigh, remembering Edith far away.

4.

When late arriving at our inn of rest,
Whose roof, exposed to many a winter's sky,
Half shelters from the wind the shivering guest;
By the lamp's melancholy gloom,
I see the miserable room,
And musing on the evils that arise
From disproportion'd inequalities,
Pray that my lot may be
Neither with Riches, nor with Poverty,
But in that happy mean,
Which for the soul is best,
And with contentment blest,
In some secluded glen
To dwell with Peace and Edith far from men.

TO RECOVERY.

RECOVERY, where art thou ?
 Daughter of Heaven, where shall we seek thy help ?
 Upon what hallow'd fountain hast thou laid,
 O Nymph adored, thy spell ?

By the grey ocean's verge,
 Daughter of Heaven, we seek thee, but in vain ;
 We find no healing in the breeze that sweeps
 The thymy mountain's brow.

Where are the happy hours,
 The sunshine where that cheer'd the morn of life !
 For Health is fled, and with her fled the joys
 Which made existence dear.

I saw the distant hills
 Smile in the radiance of the orient beam,
 And gazed delighted that anon our feet
 Should visit scenes so fair.

I look'd abroad at noon,
 The shadow and the storm were on the hills ;
 The crags which like a faery fabric shone
 Darkness had overcast.

On you, ye coming years,
So fairly shone the April gleam of hope;
So darkly o'er the distance, late so bright,
Now settle the black clouds.

Come thou and chase away
Sorrow and Pain, the persecuting Powers
Who make the melancholy day so long,
So long the restless night.

Shall we not find thee here,
Recovery, on the salt sea's breezy strand?
Is there no healing in the gales that sweep
The thymy mountain's brow?

I look for thy approach,
O life-preserving Power! as one who strays
Alone in darkness o'er the pathless marsh,
Watches the dawn of day.

Minehead, July, 1709.

YOUTH AND AGE.

WITH cheerful step the traveller
 Pursues his early way,
 When first the dimly-dawning east
 Reveals the rising day.

He bounds along his craggy road,
 He hastens up the height,
 And all he sees and all he hears
 Administer delight.

And if the mist, retiring slow,
 Roll round its wavy white,
 He thinks the morning vapours hide
 Some beauty from his sight.

But when behind the western clouds
 Departs the fading day,
 How wearily the traveller
 Pursues his evening way !

Sorely along the craggy road
 His painful footsteps creep,
 And slow, with many a feeble pause,
 He labours up the steep.

And if the mists of night close round,
They fill his soul with fear ;
He dreads some unseen precipice,
Some hidden danger near.

So cheerfully does youth begin
Life's pleasant morning stage ;
Alas ! the evening traveller feels
The fears of wary age !

Westbury, 1798.

THE OAK OF OUR FATHERS.

ALAS for the Oak of our Fathers, that stood
In its beauty, the glory and pride of the wood !

It grew and it flourish'd for many an age,
And many a tempest wreak'd on it its rage ;
But when its strong branches were bent with the blast,
It struck its root deeper, and flourish'd more fast.

Its head tower'd on high, and its branches spread round ;
For its roots had struck deep, and its heart was sound ;
The bees o'er its honey-dew'd foliage play'd,
And the beasts of the forest fed under its shade.

The Oak of our Fathers to Freedom was dear,
Its leaves were her crown, and its wood was her spear.
Alas for the Oak of our Fathers, that stood
In its beauty, the glory and pride of the wood !

There crept up an ivy and clung round the trunk,
It struck in its mouths and the juices it drunk ;
The branches grew sickly, deprived of their food,
And the Oak was no longer the pride of the wood.

The foresters saw and they gather'd around,
The roots still were fast, and the heart still was sound ;
They lopt off the boughs that so beautiful spread,
But the ivy they spared on its vitals that fed.

No longer the bees o'er its honey-dews play'd,
Nor the beasts of the forest fed under its shade;
Lopt and mangled the trunk in its ruin is seen,
A monument now what its beauty has been.

The Oak has received its incurable wound,
They have loosen'd the roots, though the heart may
 be sound;
What the travellers at distance green-flourishing see,
Are the leaves of the ivy that poison'd the tree.

Alas for the Oak of our Fathers, that stood
In its beauty, the glory and pride of the wood!

Westbury, 1798.

THE BATTLE OF PULTOWA.

ON Vorska's glittering waves
 The morning sunbeams play ;
 Pultowa's walls are throng'd
 With eager multitudes ;
 Athwart the dusty vale
 They strain their aching eyes,
 Where to the fight moves on
 The Conqueror Charles, the iron-hearted Swede.

Him Famine hath not tamed,
 The tamer of the brave.
 Him Winter hath not quell'd ;
 When man by man his veteran troops sunk down,
 Frozen to their endless sleep,
 He held undaunted on.
 Him Pain hath not subdued ;
 What though he mounts not now
 The fiery steed of war,
 Borne on a litter to the field he goes.

Go, iron-hearted King !
 Full of thy former fame.
 Think how the humbled Dane
 Crouch'd underneath thy sword ;
 Think how the wretched Pole
 Resign'd his conquer'd crown ;
 Go, iron-hearted King !

Let Narva's glory swell thy haughty breast, ..
The death-day of thy glory, Charles, hath dawn'd !
Proud Swede, the Sun hath risen
That on thy shame shall set !

Now, Patkul, may thine injured spirit rest !
For over that relentless Swede
Ruin hath raised his unrelenting arm ;
For ere the night descends,
His veteran host destroyed,
His laurels blasted to revive no more,
He flies before the Moscovite.

Impatiently that haughty heart must bear
Long years of hope deceived ;
Long years of idleness
That sleepless soul must brook.
Now, Patkul, may thine injured spirit rest !
To him who suffers in an honest cause
No death is ignominious ; not on thee,
But upon Charles, the cruel, the unjust,
Not upon thee, .. on him
The ineffaceable reproach is fix'd,
The infamy abides.
Now, Patkul, may thine injured spirit rest.

Westbury, 1798.

THE TRAVELLER'S RETURN.

SWEET to the morning traveller
 The song amid the sky,
 Where twinkling in the dewy light
 The skylark soars on high.

And cheering to the traveller
 The gales that round him play,
 When faint and heavily he drags
 Along his noon-tide way.

And when beneath the unclouded sun
 Full wearily toils he,
 The flowing water makes to him
 A soothing melody.

And when the evening light decays,
 And all is calm around,
 There is sweet music to his ear
 In the distant sheep-bell's sound.

But oh ! of all delightful sounds
 Of evening or of morn,
 The sweetest is the voice of Love,
 That welcomes his return.

Westbury, 1798.

THE OLD MAN'S COMFORTS,

AND HOW HE GAINED THEM.

You are old, Father William, the young man cried,
The few locks which are left you are grey;
You are hale, Father William, a hearty old man,
Now tell me the reason, I pray.

In the days of my youth, Father William replied,
I remember'd that youth would fly fast,
And abused not my health and my vigour at first,
That I never might need them at last.

You are old, Father William, the young man cried,
And pleasures with youth pass away ;
And yet you lament not the days that are gone,
Now tell me the reason, I pray.

In the days of my youth, Father William replied,
I remember'd that youth could not last ;
I thought of the future, whatever I did,
That I never might grieve for the past.

You are old, Father William, the young man cried,
And life must be hastening away ;
You are cheerful, and love to converse upon death,
Now tell me the reason, I pray.

I am cheerful, young man, Father William replied,
Let the cause thy attention engage ;
In the days of my youth I remember'd my God !
And He hath not forgotten my age.

Westbury, 1799.

TRANSLATION
OF
A GREEK ODE ON ASTRONOMY,

WRITTEN BY S. T. COLERIDGE, FOR THE PRIZE
AT CAMBRIDGE, 1793.

1.

HAIL, venerable NIGHT !
O first-created, hail !
Thou who art doom'd in thy dark breast to veil
The dying beam of light,
The eldest and the latest thou,
Hail, venerable NIGHT !
Around thine ebon brow,
Glittering plays with lightning rays
A wreath of flowers of fire.
The varying clouds with many a hue attire
Thy many-tinted veil.
Holy are the blue graces of thy zone !
But who is he whose tongue can tell
The dewy lustres which thine eyes adorn ?
Lovely to some the blushes of the morn ;

To some the glories of the Day,
 When, blazing with meridian ray,
 The gorgeous Sun ascends his highest throne ;
 But I with solemn and severe delight
 Still watch thy constant car, immortal NIGHT !

2.

For then to the celestial Palaces
 Urania leads, Urania, she
 The Goddess who alone
 Stands by the blazing throne,
 Effulgent with the light of Deity.
 Whom Wisdom, the Creatrix, by her side
 Placed on the heights of yonder sky,
 And smiling with ambrosial love, unlock'd
 The depths of Nature to her piercing eye.
 Angelic myriads struck their harps around,
 And with triumphant song
 The host of Stars, a beauteous throng,
 Around the ever-living Mind
 In jubilee their mystic dance begun ;
 When at thy leaping forth, O Sun !
 The Morning started in affright,
 Astonish'd at thy birth, her Child of Light !

3.

Hail, O Urania, hail !
 Queen of the Muses ! Mistress of the Song !
 For thou didst deign to leave the heavenly throng.
 As earthward thou thy steps wert bending,
 A ray went forth and harbinger'd thy way :
 All Ether laugh'd with thy descending.

Thou hadst wreath'd thy hair with roses,
The flower that in the immortal bower
Its deathless bloom discloses.
Before thine awful mien, compelled to shrink,
Fled Ignorance abash'd with all her brood ;
Dragons, and Hags of baleful breath,
Fierce Dreams, that wont to drink
The Sepulchre's black blood ;
Or on the wings of storms
Riding in fury forms,
Shriek to the mariner the shriek of Death.

4.

I boast, O Goddess, to thy name
That I have raised the pile of fame ;
Therefore to me be given
To roam the starry path of Heaven,
To charioteer with wings on high,
And to rein-in the Tempests of the sky.

5.

Chariots of happy Gods ! Fountains of Light !
Ye Angel-Temples bright !
May I unblamed your flamy thresholds tread ?
I leave Earth's lowly scene ;
I leave the Moon serene,
The lovely Queen of Night ;
I leave the wide domains,
Beyond where Mars his fiercer light can fling,
And Jupiter's vast plains,
(The many belted king ;)
Even to the solitude where Saturn reigns,

Like some stern tyrant to just exile driven ;
 Dim-seen the sullen power appears
 In that cold solitude of Heaven,
 And slow he drags along
 The mighty circle of long-lingering years.

6.

Nor shalt thou escape my sight,
 Who at the threshold of the sun-trod domes
 Art trembling, . . youngest Daughter of the Night !
 And you, ye fiery-tressed strangers ! you,
 Comets who wander wide,
 Will I along your pathless way pursue,
 Whence bending I may view
 The Worlds whom elder Suns have vivified.

7.

For Hope with lovelicst visions soothes my mind,
 That even in Man, Life's winged power,
 When comes again the natal hour,
 Shall on heaven-wandering feet
 In undecaying youth,
 Spring to the blessed seat ;
 Where round the fields of Truth
 The fiery Essences for ever feed ;
 And o'er the ambrosial mead,
 The breezes of serenity
 Silent and soothing glide for ever by.

8.

There, Priest of Nature ! dost thou shine,
 NEWTON ! a King among the Kings divine.

Whether with harmony's mild force,
He guides along its course
The axle of some beauteous star on high ;
Or gazing, in the spring
Ebullient with creative energy,
Feels his pure breast with rapturous joy possest.
Inebriate in the holy ecstasy.

9.

I may not call thee mortal then, my soul !
Immortal longings lift thee to the skies :
Love of thy native home inflames thee now,
With pious madness wise.
Know then thyself ! expand thy wings divine !
Soon mingled with thy fathers thou shalt shine
A star amid the starry throng,
A God the Gods among.

London, 1802.

GOOSEBERRY-PIE.

A PINDARIC ODE.

1.

GOOSEBERRY-PIE is best.
 Full of the theme, O Muse, begin the song !
 What though the sunbeams of the West
 Mature within the Turtle's breast
 Blood glutinous and fat of verdant hue ?
 What though the Deer bound sportively along
 O'er springey turf, the Park's elastic vest ?
 Give them their honours due, ..
 But Gooseberry-Pie is best.

2.

Behind his oxen slow
 The patient Ploughman plods,
 And as the Sower followed by the clods
 Earth's genial womb received the living seed.
 The rains descend, the grains they grow ;
 Saw ye the vegetable ocean
 Roll its green ripple to the April gale ?
 The golden waves with multitudinous motion
 Swell o'er the summer vale ?

3.

It flows through Alder banks along
 Beneath the copse that hides the hill ;

The gentle stream you cannot see,
You only hear its melody,
The stream that turns the Mill.
Pass on a little way, pass on,
And you shall catch its gleam anon;
And hark ! the loud and agonizing groan
That makes its anguish known,
Where tortured by the Tyrant Lord of Meal
The Brook is broken on the Wheel !

4.

Blow fair, blow fair, thou orient gale !
On the white bosom of the sail
Ye Winds enamour'd lingering lie !
Ye Waves of ocean spare the bark,
Ye Tempests of the sky !
From distant realms she comes to bring
The sugar for my Pie.
For this on Gambia's arid side
The Vulture's feet are scaled with blood,
And Beelzebub beholds with pride,
His darling planter brood.

5.

First in the spring thy leaves were seen,
Thou beauteous bush, so early green !
Soon ceased thy blossoms' little life of love.
O safer than the gold-fruit-bearing tree
The glory of that old Hesperian grove, ..
No Dragon does there need for thee
With quintessential sting to work alarms,

Prepotent guardian of thy fruitage fine,
Thou vegetable Porcupine ! . . .
And didst thou scratch thy tender arms,
O Jane ! that I should dine !

6.

The flour, the sugar, and the fruit,
Commingle well, how well they suit,
And they were well bestow'd.
O Jane, with truth I praise your Pie,
And will not you in just reply
Praise my Pindaric Ode ?

Exeter, 1799.

TO A BEE.

1.

THOU wert out betimes, thou busy, busy Bee!
As abroad I took my early way,
Before the Cow from her resting-place
Had risen up and left her trace
On the meadow, with dew so gray,
Saw I thee, thou busy, busy Bee.

2.

Thou wert working late, thou busy, busy Bee!
After the fall of the Cistus flower,
When the Primrose-of-evening was ready to burst,
I heard thee last, as I saw thee first;
In the silence of the evening hour,
Heard I thee, thou busy, busy Bee.

3.

Thou art a miser, thou busy, busy Bee!
Late and early at employ;
Still on thy golden stores intent,
Thy summer in heaping and hoarding is spent
What thy winter will never enjoy;
Wise lesson this for me, thou busy, busy Bee!

4.

Little dost thou think, thou busy, busy Bee !

What is the end of thy toil.

When the latest flowers of the ivy are gone,

And all thy work for the year is done,

Thy master comes for the spoil.

Woe then for thee, thou busy, busy Bee !

Westbury, 1799.



'TO A SPIDER.

1.

SPIDER ! thou need'st not run in fear about
To shun my curious eyes ;
I won't humanely crush thy bowels out
Lest thou should'st eat the flies ;
Nor will I roast thee with a damn'd delight
Thy strange instinctive fortitude to see,
For there is One who might
One day roast me.

2.

Thou art welcome to a Rhymer sore-perplext,
The subject of his verse ;
There's many a one who on a better text
Perhaps might comment worse.
Then shrink not, old Free-Mason, from my view,
But quietly like me spin out the line ;
Do thou thy work pursue
As I will mine.

3.

Weaver of snares, thou emblemest the ways
Of Satan, Sire of lies ;
Hell's huge black Spider, for mankind he lays
His toils, as thou for flies.
When Betty's busy eye runs round the room,
Woe to that nice geometry, if seen !
But where is he whose broom
The earth shall clean ?

4.

Spider ! of old thy flimsy webs were thought,
And 't was a likeness true,
To emblem laws in which the weak are caught,
But which the strong break through :
And if a victim in thy toils is ta'en,
Like some poor client is that wretched fly ;
I'll warrant thee thou 'lt drain
His life-blood dry.

5.

And is not thy weak work like human schemes
And care on earth employ'd ?
Such are young hopes and Love's delightful dreams
So easily destroy'd !
So does the Statesman, whilst the Avengers sleep,
Self-deem'd secure, his wiles in secret lay,
Soon shall destruction sweep
His work away.

6.

Thou busy labourer ! one resemblance more
May yet the verse prolong,
For, Spider, thou art like the Poet poor,
Whom thou hast help'd in song.
Both busily our needful food to win,
We work, as Nature taught, with ceaseless pains ;
Thy bowels thou dost spin,
I spin my brains.

Westbury, 1798.

THE DESTRUCTION OF JERUSALEM.

The rage of Babylon is roused,
The King puts forth his strength ;
And Judah bends the bow
And points her arrows for the coming war.

Her walls are firm, her gates are strong,
Her youth gird on the sword ;
High are her chiefs in hope,
For soon will Egypt send the promised aid.

But who is he whose voice of woe
Is heard amid the streets ?
Whose ominous voice proclaims
Her strength and arms and promised succours vain.

His meagre cheek is pale and sunk,
Wild is his hollow eye,
Yet awful is its glance ;
And who could bear the anger of his frown ?

PROPHET of GOD ! in vain thy lips
Proclaim the woe to come ;
In vain thy warning voice
Summons her rulers timely to repent !

The Ethiop changes not his skin.
 Impious and reckless still
 The rulers spurn thy voice,
 And now the measure of their crimes is full.

For now around Jerusalem
 The countless foes appear ;
 Far as the eye can reach
 Spreads the wide horror of the circling siege.

Why is the warrior's cheek so pale ?
 Why droops the gallant youth
 Who late in pride of heart
 Sharpen'd his javelin for the welcome war ?

'Tis not for terror that his eye
 Swells with the struggling woe ;
 Oh ! he could bear his ills,
 Or rush to death, and in the grave have peace.

His parents do not ask for food,
 But they are weak with want ;
 His wife has given her babes
 Her wretched pittance, .. she makes no complaint.

The consummating hour is come !
 Alas for Solyma !
 How is she desolate, ..
 She that was great among the nations, fallen !

And thou . . thou miserable King . .
Where is thy trusted flock,
Thy flock so beautiful,
Thy Father's throne, the temple of thy God ?

Repentance brings not back the past,
It will not call again
Thy murder'd sons to life,
Nor vision to those eyeless sockets more.

Thou wretched, childless, blind, old man,
Heavy thy punishment ;
Dreadful thy present woes,
Alas more dreadful thy remember'd guilt !

Westbury, 1798.

THE DEATH OF WALLACE.

Joy, joy in London now !
 He goes, the rebel Wallace goes to death ;
 At length the traitor meets the traitor's doom,
 Joy, joy, in London now !

He on a sledge is drawn,
 His strong right arm unweapon'd and in chains,
 And garlanded around his helmless head
 The laurel wreath of scorn.

They throng to view him now
 Who in the field had fled before his sword,
 Who at the name of Wallace once grew pale
 And falter'd out a prayer.

Yes ! they can meet his eye,
 That only beams with patient courage now ;
 Yes ! they can look upon those manly limbs,
 Defenceless now and bound.

And that eye did not shrink
 As he beheld the pomp of infamy ;
 Nor one ungovern'd feeling shook those limbs,
 When the last moment came.

What though suspended sense
Was by their legal cruelty revived ;
What though ingenious vengeance lengthen'd life
To feel protracted death ;

What though the hangman's hand
Graspt in his living breast the heaving heart, ..
In the last agony, the last sick pang,
Wallace had comfort still.

He call'd to mind his deeds
Done for his country in the embattled field ;
He thought of that good cause for which he died,
And it was joy in death.

Go, Edward, triumph now !
Cambria is fallen, and Scotland's strength is crush'd,
On Wallace, on Llewellyn's mangled limbs,
The fowls of Heaven have fed.

Unrivall'd, unopposed,
Go, Edward, full of glory to thy grave !
The weight of patriot blood upon thy soul,
Go, Edward, to thy God !

Westbury, 1798.

THE SPANISH ARMADA.

CLEAR shone the morn, the gale was fair,
When from Coruña's crowded port
With many a cheerful shout and loud acclaim
The huge Armada past.

To England's shores their streamers point,
To England's shores their sails are spread,
They go to triumph o'er the sea-girt land,
And Rome hath blest their arms.

Along the ocean's echoing verge,
Along the mountain range of rocks,
The clustering multitudes behold their pomp,
And raise the votive prayer.

Commingle with the ocean's roar
Ceaseless and hoarse their murmurs rise,
And soon they trust to see the winged bark
That bears good tidings home.

The watch-tower now in distance sinks,
And now Galicia's mountain rocks
Faint as the far-off clouds of evening lie,
And now they fade away.

Each like some moving citadel,
On through the waves they sail sublime ;
And now the Spaniards see the silvery cliffs,
Behold the sea-girt land !

O fools ! to think that ever foe
Should triumph o'er that sea-girt land .
O fools ! to think that ever Britain's sons
Should wear the stranger's yoke !

For not in vain hath Nature rear'd
Around her coast those silvery cliffs ;
For not in vain old Ocean spreads his waves
To guard his favourite isle !

On come her gallant mariners !
What now avail Rome's boasted charms ?
Where are the Spaniard's vaunts of eager wrath ?
His hopes of conquest now ?

And hark ! the angry Winds arise,
Old Ocean heaves his angry Waves ;
The Winds and Waves, against the invaders fight
To guard the sea-girt land.

Howling around his palace-towers
The Spanish despot hears the storm ;
He thinks upon his navies far away,
And boding doubts arise.

Long, over Biscay's boisterous surge
The watchman's aching eye shall strain !
Long shall he gaze, but never wing'd bark
Shall bear good tidings home.

ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S DAY.

THE night is come, no fears disturb
 The dreams of innocence ;
 They trust in kingly faith and kingly oaths,
 They sleep, .. alas ! they sleep !

Go to the palace, would'st thou know
 How hideous night can be ;
 Eye is not closed in those accursed walls,
 Nor heart at quiet there.

The Monarch from the window leans,
 He listens to the night,
 And with a horrible and eager hope
 Awaits the midnight bell.

Oh he has Hell within him now !
 God, always art thou just !
 For innocence can never know such pangs
 As pierce successful guilt.

He looks abroad, and all is still.
 Hark ! .. now the midnight bell
 Sounds through the silence of the night alone,
 And now the signal gun !

Thy hand is on him, righteous God !
He hears the frantic shrieks,
He hears the glorying yells of massacre,
And he repents, . . too late.

He hears the murderer's savage shout,
He hears the groan of death ;
In vain they fly, . . soldiers defenceless now,
Women, old men, and babes.

Righteous and just art thou, O God !
For at his dying hour
Those shrieks and groans re-echoed in his ear,
He heard that murderous yell !

They throng'd around his midnight couch,
The phantoms of the slain ; . .
It prey'd like poison on his powers of life ; . .
Righteous art thou, O God !

Spirits ! who suffer'd at that hour
For freedom and for faith,
Ye saw your country bent beneath the yoke,
Her faith and freedom crush'd.

And like a giant from his sleep
Ye saw when France awoke ;
Ye saw the people burst their double chain,
And ye had joy in Heaven !

THE HOLLY TREE.

1.

O READER ! hast thou ever stood to see
 The *Holly Tree* ?
 The eye that contemplates it well perceives
 Its glossy leaves
 Order'd by an intelligence so wise,
 As might confound the Atheist's sophistries.

2.

Below, a circling fence, its leaves are seen
 Wrinkled and keen ;
 No grazing cattle through their prickly round
 Can reach to wound ;
 But as they grow where nothing is to fear,
 Smooth and unarm'd the pointless leaves appear.

3.

I love to view these things with curious eyes,
 And moralize :
 And in this wisdom of the *Holly Tree*
 Can *emblems* see
 Wherewith perchance to make a pleasant rhyme,
 One which may profit in the after time.

4.

Thus, though abroad perchance I might appear
Harsh and austere,
To those who on my leisure would intrude
Reserved and rude,
Gentle at home amid my friends I'd be
Like the high leaves upon the Holly Tree.

5.

And should my youth, as youth is apt I know,
Some harshness show,
All vain asperities I day by day
Would wear away,
Till the smooth temper of my age should be
Like the high leaves upon the Holly Tree.

6.

And as when all the summer trees are seen
So bright and green,
The Holly leaves a sober hue display
Less bright than they,
But when the bare and wintry woods we see,
What then so cheerful as the Holly Tree?

7.

So serious should my youth appear among
The thoughtless throng,
So would I seem amid the young and gay
More grave than they,
That in my age as cheerful I might be
As the green winter of the Holly Tree.

THE EBB TIDE.

SLOWLY thy flowing tide
 Came in, old Avon ! scarcely did mine eyes,
 As watchfully I roam'd thy green-wood side,
 Perceive its gentle rise.

With many a stroke and strong
 The labouring boatmen upward plied their oars,
 Yet little way they made, though labouring long
 Between thy winding shores.

Now down thine ebbing tide
 The unlabour'd boat falls rapidly along ;
 The solitary helm's-man sits to guide,
 And sings an idle song.

Now o'er the rocks that lay
 So silent late, the shallow current roars ;
 Fast flow thy waters on their seaward way
 Through wider-spreading shores.

Avon ! I gaze and know
 The lesson emblem'd in thy varying way ;
 It speaks of human joys that rise so slow,
 So rapidly decay.

Kingdoms which long have stood,
And slow to strength and power attain'd at last,
Thus from the summit of high fortune's flood
They ebb to ruin fast.

Thus like thy flow appears
Time's tardy course to manhood's envied stage ;
Alas ! how hurryingly the ebbing years
Then hasten to old age !

Westbury, 1799.

THE COMPLAINTS OF THE POOR.

AND wherefore do the Poor complain ?
 The Rich Man ask'd of me ; . . .
 Come walk abroad with me, I said,
 And I will answer thee.

'Twas evening, and the frozen streets
 Were cheerless to behold,
 And we were wrapt and coated well,
 And yet we were a-cold.

We met an old bare-headed man,
 His locks were thin and white ;
 I ask'd him what he did abroad
 In that cold winter's night ;

The cold was keen indeed, he said,
 But at home no fire had he,
 And therefore he had come abroad
 To ask for charity.

We met a young bare-footed child,
 And she begg'd loud and bold ;
 I ask'd her what she did abroad
 When the wind it blew so cold ;

She said her father was at home,
And he lay sick a-bed,
And therefore was it she was sent
Abroad to beg for bread.

We saw a woman sitting down
Upon a stone to rest,
She had a baby at her back
And another at her breast,

I ask'd her why she loiter'd there
When the night-wind was so chill;
She turn'd her head and bade the child
That scream'd behind, be still;

Then told us that her husband served,
A soldier, far away,
And therefore to her parish she
Was begging back her way.

We met a girl, her dress was loose
And sunken was her eye,
Who with a wanton's hollow voice
Address'd the passers-by;

I ask'd her what there was in guilt
That could her heart allure
To shame, disease, and late remorse;
She answer'd she was poor.

I turn'd me to the Rich Man then,
For silently stood he, . . .
You ask'd me why the Poor complain,
And these have answer'd thee !

London, 1798.

TO MARY.

MARY! ten chequer'd years have past
Since we beheld each other last ;
Yet, Mary, I remember thee,
Nor canst thou have forgotten me.

The bloom was then upon thy face,
Thy form had every youthful grace ;
I too had then the warmth of youth,
And in our hearts was all its truth.

We conversed, were there others by,
With common mirth and random eye ;
But when escaped the sight of men,
How serious was our converse then !

Our talk was then of years to come,
Of hopes which ask'd a humble doom,
Themes which to loving thoughts might move,
Although we never spake of love.

At our last meeting sure thy heart
Was even as loth as mine to part ;
And yet we little thought that then
We parted . . . not to meet again.

Long, Mary ! after that adieu,
My dearest day-dreams were of you ;
In sleep I saw you still, and long
Made you the theme of secret song.

When manhood and its cares came on,
The humble hopes of youth were gone ;
And other hopes and other fears
Effaced the thoughts of happier years.

Meantime through many a varied year
Of thee no tidings did I hear,
And thou hast never heard my name
Save from the vague reports of fame.

But then I trust detraction's lie
Hath kindled anger in thine eye ;
And thou my praise wert proud to see, . . .
My name should still be dear to thee.

Ten years have held their course ; thus late
I learn the tidings of thy fate ;
A Husband and a Father now,
Of thee, a Wife and Mother thou.

And, Mary, as for thee I frame
A prayer which hath no selfish aim,
No happier lot can I wish thee
Than such as Heaven hath granted me.

London, 1802.

TO A FRIEND,

INQUIRING IF I WOULD LIVE OVER MY YOUTH
AGAIN.

1.

Do I regret the past ?
Would I again live o'er
The morning hours of life ?
Nay, William ! nay, not so !
In the warm joyance of the summer sun
I do not wish again
The changeful April day.
Nay, William ! nay, not so !
Safe haven'd from the sea,
I would not tempt again
The uncertain ocean's wrath.
Praise be to Him who made me what I am,
Other I would not be.

2.

Why is it pleasant then to sit and talk
Of days that are no more ?
When in his own dear home
The traveller rests at last,
And tells how often in his wanderings
The thought of those far off
Hath made his eyes o'erflow
With no unmanly tears ;

Delighted he recalls
Through what fair scenes his lingering feet have trod;
But ever when he tells of perils past
And troubles now no more,
His eyes are brightest, and a readier joy
Flows thankful from his heart.

3.

No, William ! no, I would not live again
The morning hours of life ;
I would not be again
The slave of hope and fear ;
I would not learn again
The wisdom by Experience hardly taught.

4.

To me the past presents
No object for regret ;
To me the present gives
All cause for full content.
The future ? . . . it is now the cheerful noon,
And on the sunny-smiling fields I gaze
With eyes alive to joy ;
When the dark night descends,
I willingly shall close my weary lids,
In sure and certain hope to wake again.

Westbury, 1798.

THE DEAD FRIEND.

1.

Not to the grave, not to the grave, my Soul,
Descend to contemplate
The form that once was dear !
The Spirit is not there
Which kindled that dead eye,
Which throbb'd in that cold heart,
Which in that motionless hand
Hath met thy friendly grasp.
The Spirit is not there !
It is but lifeless perishable flesh
That moulders in the grave ;
Earth, air, and water's ministering particles
Now to the elements
Resolved, their uses done.
Not to the grave, not to the grave, my Soul,
Follow thy friend beloved,
The Spirit is not there !

2.

Often together have we talk'd of death ;
How sweet it were to see
All doubtful things made clear ;
How sweet it were with powers
Such as the Cherubim,
To view the depth of Heaven !

O Edmund ! thou hast first
Begun the travel of Eternity !
I look upon the stars,
And think that thou art there,
Unfetter'd as the thought that follows thee.

3.

And we have often said how sweet it were
With unseen ministry of angel power
To watch the friends we loved.
Edmund ! we did not err !
Sure I have felt thy presence ! Thou hast given
A birth to holy thought,
Hast kept me from the world unstain'd and pure.
Edmund ! we did not err !
Our best affections here
They are not like the toys of infancy ;
The Soul outgrows them not ;
We do not cast them off ;
Oh if it could be so,
It were indeed a dreadful thing to die !

4.

Not to the grave, not to the grave, my Soul,
Follow thy friend beloved !
But in the lonely hour,
But in the evening walk,
Think that he companies thy solitude ;
Think that he holds with thee
Mysterious intercourse ;
And though remembrance wake a tear,
There will be joy in grief.

SONGS
OF
THE AMERICAN INDIANS.

THE HURON'S ADDRESS TO THE DEAD.

1.

BROTHER, thou wert strong in youth !
Brother, thou wert brave in war !
Unhappy man was he
For whom thou hadst sharpen'd the tomahawk's edge !
Unhappy man was he
On whom thine angry eye was fix'd in fight !
And he who from thy hand
Received the calumet,
Blest Heaven, and slept in peace.

2.

When the Evil Spirits seized thee,
Brother, we were sad at heart :
We bade the Jongler come
And bring his magic aid ;
We circled thee in mystic dance,
With songs and shouts and cries,
To free thee from their power.
Brother, but in vain we strove,
The number of thy days was full.

3.

Thou sittest amongst us on thy mat,
The bear-skin from thy shoulder hangs,
Thy feet are sandal'd ready for the way.

Those are the unfatiguable feet

That traversed the forest track ;

Those are the lips that late

Thunder'd the yell of war ;

And that is the strong right arm

Which never was lifted in vain.

Those lips are silent now,

The limbs that were active are stiff,

Loose hangs the strong right arm !

4.

And where is That which in thy voice

The language of friendship spake ?

That gave the strength of thine arm ?

That fill'd thy limbs with life ?

It was not Thou, for Thou art here,

Thou art amongst us still,

But the Life and the Feeling are gone.

The Iroquois will learn

That thou hast ceased from war ;

'Twill be a joy like victory to them,

For thou wert the scourge of their nation.

5.

Brother, we sing thee the song of death ;

In thy coffin of bark we lay thee to rest ;

The bow shall be placed by thy side,

And the shafts that are pointed and feather'd for flight.

To the country of the Dead
 Long and painful is thy way ;
 Over rivers wide and deep
 Lies the road that must be past,
 By bridges narrow-wall'd,
 Where scarce the Soul can force its way,
 While the loose fabric totters under it.

6.

Safely may our brother pass !
 Safely may he reach the fields,
 Where the sound of the drum and the shell
 Shall be heard from the Country of Souls !
 The Spirits of thy Sires
 Shall come to welcome thee :
 The God of the Dead in his Bower
 Shall receive thee, and bid thee join
 The dance of eternal joy.

7.

Brother, we pay thee the rites of death,
 Rest in thy Bower of Delight !

Westbury, 1799.

THE PERUVIAN'S DIRGE OVER THE
BODY OF HIS FATHER.

1.

REST in peace, my Father, rest !
With danger and toil have I borne thy corpse
From the Stranger's field of death.
I bless thee, O Wife of the Sun,
For veiling thy beams with a cloud,
While at the pious task
Thy votary toil'd in fear.
Thou badest the clouds of night
Enwrap thee, and hide thee from Man ;
But didst thou not see my toil,
And put on the darkness to aid,
O Wife of the visible God ?

2.

Wretched, my Father, thy life !
Wretched the life of the Slave !
All day for another he toils ;
Overwearied at night he lies down,
And dreams of the freedom that once he enjoy'd.
Thou wert blest in the days of thy youth,
My Father ! for then thou wert free.
In the fields of the nation thy hand
Bore its part of the general task ;
And when with the song and the dance,
Ye brought the harvest home,
As all in the labour had shared,
So justly they shared in the fruits.

3.

Thou visible Lord of the Earth,
Thou God of my Fathers, thou God of my heart,
O Giver of light and of life!

When the Strangers came to our shores,
Why didst thou not put forth thy power?
Thy thunders should then have been hurl'd,
Thy fires should in lightnings have flash'd!...

Visible God of the Earth,
The Strangers mock at thy might!
To idols and beams of wood
They force us to bow the knee;
They plunge us in caverns and dens,
Where never thy blessed light
Shines on our poisonous toil!
But not in the caverns and dens,
O Sun, are we mindless of thee!
We pine for the want of thy beams,
We adore thee with anguish and groans.

4.

My Father, rest in peace!
Rest with the dust of thy Sires!
They placed their Cross in thy dying grasp;...
They bore thee to their burial-place,
And over thy breathless frame
Their bloody and merciless Priest
Mumbled his magic hastily.
Oh! could thy bones be at peace
In the field where the Strangers are laid?...
Alone, in danger and in pain,
My Father, I bring thee here:

So may our God, in reward, '
Allow me one faithful friend
To lay me beside thee when I am released !
So may he summon me soon,
That my Spirit may join thee there,
Where the strangers never shall come !

Exeter, 1799.

SONG OF THE ARAUCANS

DURING A THUNDER STORM.

THE storm-cloud grows deeper above ;
Araucans ! the tempest is ripe in the sky ;
Our forefathers come from their Islands of Bliss,
They come to the war of the winds.

The Souls of the Strangers are there,
In their garments of darkness they ride through the
heaven ;
Yon cloud that rolls luridly over the hill
Is red with their weapons of fire.

Hark ! hark ! in the howl of the wind
The shout of the battle, the clang of their drums ;
The horsemen are met, and the shock of the fight
Is the blast that disbranches the wood.

Behold from the clouds of their power
The lightning, .. the lightning is lanced at our sires !
And the thunder that shakes the broad pavement of
Heaven !

And the darkness that quenches the day !

Ye Souls of our Fathers, be brave !
Ye shrunk not before the invaders on earth,
Ye trembled not then at their weapons of fire ;
Brave Spirits, ye tremble not now !

We gaze on your warfare in hope,
We send up our shouts to encourage your arms !
Lift the lance of your vengeance, O Fathers, with
force,
For the wrongs of your country strike home !

Remember the land was your own
When the Sons of Destruction came over the seas ;
That the old fell asleep in the fullness of days,
And their children wept over their graves.

Till the Strangers came into the land
With tongues of deceit and with weapons of fire :
Then the strength of the people in youth was cut off,
And the father wept over his son.

It thickens . . the tumult of fight !
Louder and louder the blast of the battle is heard !..
Remember the wrongs that your country endures !
Remember the fields of your fame !

Joy ! joy ! for the Strangers recoil, ..
They give way, .. they retreat, .. they are routed, ..
they fly ;
Pursue them ! pursue them ! remember your wrongs !
Let your lances be drunk with their wounds.

The Souls of your wives shall rejoice
As they welcome you back to your Islands of Bliss ;
And the breeze that refreshes the toil-throbbing brow
Waft thither the song of your praise.

Westbury, 1799.

SONG OF THE CHIKKASAH WIDOW.

'T WAS the voice of my husband that came on the gale,
His unappeased Spirit in anger complains ;
 Rest, rest Ollanahta, be still !
 The day of revenge is at hand.

The stake is made ready, the captives shall die ;
To-morrow the song of their death shalt thou hear,
 To-morrow thy widow shall wield
 The knife and the fire ; . . be at rest !

The vengeance of anguish shall soon have its course, .
The fountains of grief and of fury shall flow, ..
 I will think, Ollanahta ! of thee,
 Will remember the days of our love.

Ollanahta, all day by thy war-pole I sat,
Where idly thy hatchet of battle is hung ;
 I gazed on the bow of thy strength
 As it waved on the stream of the wind.

The scalps that we number'd in triumph were there,
And the musket that never was levell'd in vain, ...
 What a leap has it given to my heart
 To see thee suspend it in peace.

When the black and blood-banner was spread to the
gale,

When thrice the deep voice of the war-drum was heard,
I remember thy terrible eyes
How they flash'd the dark glance of thy joy.

I remember the hope that shone over thy cheek
As thy hand from the pole reach'd its doers of death,
Like the ominous gleam of the cloud
Ere the thunder and lightning are born.

He went, and ye came not to warn him in dreams,
Kindred Spirits of Him who is holy and great!
And where was thy warning, O Bird,
The timely announcer of ill?

Alas! when thy brethren in conquest return'd;
When I saw the white plumes bending over their heads,
And the pine-boughs of triumph before,
Where the scalps of their victory swung, . .

The war-hymn they pour'd, and thy voice was not
there!
I call'd thee, . . alas, the white deer-skin was brought;
And thy grave was prepared in the tent
Which I had made ready for joy!

Ollanahta, all day by thy war-pole I sit, . .
Ollanahta, all night I weep over thy grave!
To-morrow the victims shall die,
And I shall have joy in revenge.

THE
OLD CHIKKASAH TO HIS GRANDSON.

1.

Now go to the battle, my Boy !
 Dear child of my son,
 There is strength in thine arm,
 There is hope in thy heart,
 Thou art ripe for the labours of war.
 Thy Sire was a stripling like thee
 When he went to the first of his fields.

2.

He return'd, in the glory of conquest return'd ;
 Before him his trophies were borne,
 These scalps that have hung till the Sun and the Rain
 Have rusted their raven locks.
 Here he stood when the morn of rejoicing arrived,
 The day of the warrior's reward ;
 When the banners sun-beaming were spread,
 And all hearts were dancing in joy
 To the sound of the victory-drum.
 The Heroes were met to receive their reward ;
 But distinguish'd among the young Heroes that day,
 The pride of his nation, thy Father was seen :
 The swan-feathers hung from his neck,
 His face like the rainbow was tinged,
 And his eye, . . how it sparkled in pride !

The Elders approach'd, and they placed on his brow
The crown that his valour had won,
And they gave him the old honour'd name.
They reported the deeds he had done in the war,
And the youth of the nation were told
To respect him and tread in his steps.

3.

My Boy ! I have seen, and with hope,
The courage that rose in thine eye
When I told thee the tale of his death.
His war-pole now is grey with moss,
His tomahawk red with rust ;
His bowstring whose twang was death
Now sings as it cuts the wind ;
But his memory is fresh in the land
And his name with the names that we love.

4.

Go now and revenge him, my Boy !
That his Spirit no longer may hover by day
O'er the hut where his bones are at rest,
Nor trouble our dreams in the night.
My Boy, I shall watch for the warriors' return,
And my soul will be sad
Till the steps of thy coming I see.

Westbury, 1799.

OCCASIONAL PIECES.

I.

THE PAUPER'S FUNERAL.

WHAT ! and not one to heave the pious sigh ?
 Not one whose sorrow-swoln and aching eye,
 For social scenes, for life's endearments fled,
 Shall drop a tear and dwell upon the dead ?
 Poor wretched Outcast ! I will weep for thee,
 And sorrow for forlorn humanity.
 Yes, I will weep ; but not that thou art come
 To the cold sabbath of the silent tomb :
 For pining want, and heart-consuming care,
 Soul-withering evils, never enter there.
 I sorrow for the ills thy life has known,
 As through the world's long pilgrimage, alone,
 Haunted by Poverty and woe-begone,
 Unloved, unfriended, thou didst journey on ;
 Thy youth in ignorance and labour past,
 And thine old age all barrenness and blast !
 Hard was thy Fate, which, while it doom'd to woe,
 Denied thee wisdom to support the blow ;
 And robb'd of all its energy thy mind,
 Ere yet it cast thee on thy fellow-kind,

Abject of thought, the victim of distress,
To wander in the world's wide wilderness.

Poor Outcast, sleep in peace ! the wintry storm
Blows bleak no more on thine unshelter'd form ;
Thy woes are past ; thou retest in the tomb, —
I pause, .. and ponder on the days to come.

Bristol, 1795.

II.

THE SOLDIER'S FUNERAL.

It is the funeral march. I did not think
That there had been such magic in sweet sounds !
Hark ! from the blacken'd cymbal that dead tone !..
It awes the very rabble multitude ;
They follow silently, their earnest brows
Lifted in solemn thought. 'Tis not the pomp
And pageantry of death that with such force
Arrests the sense ; . . the mute and mourning train,
The white plume nodding o'er the sable hearse,
Had past unheeded, or perchance awoke
A serious smile upon the poor man's cheek
At pride's last triumph. Now these measured sounds,
This universal language, to the heart
Speak instant, and on all these various minds
Compel one feeling.

But such better thoughts
Will pass away, how soon ! and these who here
Are following their dead comrade to the grave,
Ere the night fall will in their revelry
Quench all remembrance. From the ties of life
Unnaturally rent, a man who knew
No resting place, no dear delights of home,
Belike who never saw his children's face,
Whose children knew no father, . . he is gone, . .
Dropt from existence, like a blasted leaf

That from the summer tree is swept away,
Its loss unseen. She hears not of his death
Who bore him, and already for her son
Her tears of bitterness are shed ; when first
He had put on the livery of blood,
She wept him dead to her.

We are indeed
Clay in the potter's hand ! One favour'd mind,
Scarce lower than the Angels, shall explore
The ways of Nature, whilst his fellow-man,
Framed with like miracle, the work of God,
Must as the unreasonable beast drag on
A life of labour ; like this soldier here,
His wondrous faculties bestow'd in vain,
Be moulded by his fate till he becomes
A mere machine of murder.

And there are
Who say that this is well ! as God has made
All things for man's good pleasure, so of men
The many for the few ! Court-moralists,
Reverend lip-comforters, that once a-week
Proclaim how blessed are the poor, for they
Shall have their wealth hereafter, and though now
Toiling and troubled, they may pick the crumbs
That from the rich man's table fall, at length
In Abraham's bosom rest with Lazarus.
Themselves meantime secure their good things here,
And feast with Dives. These are they, O Lord !
Who in thy plain and simple Gospel see
All mysteries, but who find no peace enjoin'd,
No brotherhood, no wrath denounced on them

Who shed their brethren's blood, . . blind at noon-day
As owls, lynx-eyed in darkness !

O my God !

I thank thee, with no Pharisaic pride
I thank thee, that I am not such as these ;
I thank thee for the eye that sees, the heart
That feels, the voice that in these evil days,
Amid these evil tongues, exalts itself,
And cries aloud against iniquity.

Bristol, 1795,

III.

ON A LANDSCAPE OF GASPAR POUSSIN.

GASPAR ! how pleasantly thy pictured scenes
 Beguile the lonely hour ! I sit and gaze
 With lingering eye, till dreaming Fancy makes
 The lovely landscape live, and the rapt soul
 From the foul haunts of herded human-kind
 Flies far away with spirit speed, and tastes
 The untainted air, that with the lively hue
 Of health and happiness illumines the cheek
 Of mountain Liberty. My willing soul
 All eager follows on thy faery flights,
 Fancy ! best friend ; whose blessed witcheries
 With cheering prospects cheat the traveller
 O'er the long wearying desert of the world.
 Nor dost thou, Fancy ! with such magic mock
 My heart, as, demon-born, old Merlin knew,
 Or Alquist, or Zarzafiel's sister sage,
 Who in her vengeance for so many a year
 Held in the jacinth sepulchre entranced
 Lisuart the pride of Grecian chivalry.
 Friend of my lonely hours ! thou leadest me
 To such calm joys as Nature, wise and good,
 Proffers in vain to all her wretched sons, . .
 Her wretched sons who pine with want amid
 The abundant earth, and blindly bow them down
 Before the Moloch shrines of Wealth and Power,

Authors of Evil. Well it is sometimes
That thy delusions should beguile the heart,
Sick of reality. The little pile
That tops the summit of that craggy hill
Shall be my dwelling : craggy is the hill
And steep ; yet through yon hazels upward leads
The easy path, along whose winding way
Now close embower'd I hear the unseen stream
Dash down, anon behold its sparkling foam
Gleam through the thicket ; and ascending on
Now pause me to survey the goodly vale
That opens on my prospect. Half way up
Pleasant it were upon some broad smooth rock
To sit and sun myself, and look below,
And watch the goatherd down yon high-bank'd path
Urging his flock grotesque ; and bidding now
His lean rough dog from some near cliff go drive
The straggler ; while his barkings loud and quick
Amid their tremulous bleat arising oft,
Fainter and fainter from the hollow road
Send their far echoes, till the waterfall,
Hoarse bursting from the cavern'd cliff beneath,
Their dying murmurs drown. A little yet
Onward, and I have gain'd the upmost height.
Fair spreads the vale below : I see the stream
Stream radiant on beneath the noontide sky.
A passing cloud darkens the bordering steep,
Where the town-spires behind the castle-towers
Rise graceful ; brown the mountain in its shade,
Whose circling grandeur, part by mists conceal'd,
Part with white rocks resplendent in the sun,
Should bound mine eyes, . . aye, and my wishes too,

For I would have no hope or fear beyond.
The empty turmoil of the worthless world,
Its vanities and vices, would not vex
My quiet heart. The traveller, who beheld
The low tower of the little pile, might deem
It were the house of God ; nor would he err
So deeming, for that home would be the home
Of Peace and Love, and they would hallow it
To Him. Oh, life of blessedness ! to reap
The fruit of honourable toil, and bound
Our wishes with our wants ! Delightful thoughts,
That soothe the solitude of weary Hope,
Ye leave her to reality awaked,
Like the poor captive, from some fleeting dream
Of friends and liberty and home restored,
Startled, and listening as the midnight storm
Beats hard and heavy through his dungeon bars.

Bath, 1795.

IV.

WRITTEN

ON CHRISTMAS DAY, 1795.

How many hearts are happy at this hour
 In England ! Brightly o'er the cheerful hall
 Flare the heaped hearth, and friends and kindred meet,
 And the glad mother round her festive board
 Beholds her children, separated long
 Amid the wide world's ways, assembled now,
 A sight at which affection lightens up
 With smiles, the eye that age has long bedimm'd.
 I do remember when I was a child
 How my young heart, a stranger then to care,
 With transport leap'd upon this holyday,
 As o'er the house, all gay with evergreens,
 From friend to friend with joyful speed I ran,
 Bidding a merry Christmas to them all.
 Those years are past ; their pleasures and their pains
 Are now like yonder convent-crested hill
 That bounds the distant prospect, indistinct,
 Yet pictured upon memory's mystic glass
 In faint fair hues. A weary traveller now
 I journey o'er the desert mountain tracks
 Of Leon, wilds all drear and comfortless,
 Where the grey lizards in the noontide sun
 Sport on the rocks, and where the goatherd starts,

Roused from his sleep at midnight when he hears
The prowling wolf, and falters as he calls
On Saints to save. Here of the friends I think
Who now, I ween, remember me, and fill
The glass of votive friendship. At the name
Will not thy cheek, Beloved, change its hue,
And in those gentle eyes uncall'd-for tears
Tremble? I will not wish thee not to weep;
Such tears are free from bitterness, and they
Who know not what it is sometimes to wake
And weep at midnight, are but instruments
Of Nature's common work. Yes, think of me,
My Edith, think that, travelling far away,
Thus I beguile the solitary hours
With many a day-dream, picturing scenes as fair
Of peace, and comfort, and domestic bliss
As ever to the youthful poet's eye
Creative Fancy fashion'd. Think of me.
Though absent, thine; and if a sigh will rise,
And tears, unbidden, at the thought steal down,
Sure hope will cheer thee, and the happy hour
Of meeting soon all sorrow overpay.

V.

WRITTEN AFTER VISITING
THE CONVENT OF ARRABIDA,
NEAR SETUBAL.

MARCH 22. 1796.

HAPPY the dwellers in this holy house :
For surely never worldly thoughts intrude
On this retreat, this sacred solitude,
Where Quiet with Religion makes her home.
And ye who tenant such a goodly scene,
How should ye be but good, where all is fair,
And where the mirror of the mind reflects
Serenest beauty ? O'er these mountain wilds
The insatiate eye with ever new delight
Roams raptured, marking now where to the wind
The tall tree bends its many-tinted boughs
With soft accordant sound ; and now the sport
Of joyous sea-birds o'er the tranquil deep,
And now the long-extending stream of light
Where the broad orb of day refulgent sinks
Beneath old Ocean's line. To have no cares
That eat the heart, no wants that to the earth
Chain the reluctant spirit, to be freed
From forced communion with the selfish tribe
Who worship Mammon,—yea, emancipate
From this world's bondage, even while the soul
Inhabits still its corruptible clay, ..
Almost, ye dwellers in this holy house,

Almost I envy you. You never see
 Pale Misery's asking eye, nor roam about
 Those huge and hateful haunts of crowded men,
 Where Wealth and Power have built their palaces,
 Fraud spreads his snares secure, man preys on man,
 Iniquity abounds, and rampant Vice,
 With an infection worse than mortal, taints
 The herd of humankind.

I too could love,
 Ye tenants of this sacred solitude,
 Here to abide, and when the sun rides high
 Seek some sequestered dingle's coolest shade;
 And at the breezy hour, along the beach
 Stray with slow step, and gaze upon the deep,
 And while the breath of evening fann'd my brow,
 And the wild waves with their continuous sound
 Soothed my accustom'd ear, think thankfully
 That I had from the crowd withdrawn in time,
 And found an harbour. . . Yet may yonder deep
 Suggest a less unprofitable thought,
 Monastic brethren. Would the mariner,
 Though storms may sometimes swell the mighty waves,
 And o'er the reeling bark with thundering crash
 Impel the mountainous surge, quit yonder deep,
 And rather float upon some tranquil sea,
 Whose moveless waters never feel the gale,
 In safe stagnation? Rouse thyself my soul!
 No season this for self-deluding dreams;
 It is thy spring time; sow, if thou would'st reap;
 Then, after honest labour, welcome rest,
 In full contentment not to be enjoy'd
 Unless when duly earn'd. Oh happy then

To know that we have walked among mankind
More sinn'd against than sinning ! Happy then
To muse on many a sorrow overpast,
And think the business of the day is done,
And as the evening of our lives shall close,
The peaceful evening, with a Christian's hope
Expect the dawn of everlasting day.

Lisbon, 1796.

VI.

ON MY OWN MINIATURE PICTURE,

TAKEN AT TWO YEARS OF AGE.

AND I was once like this ! that glowing cheek
 Was mine, those pleasure-sparkling eyes ; that brow
 Smooth as the level lake, when not a breeze
 Dies o'er the sleeping surface ! . . Twenty years
 Have wrought strange alteration ! Of the friends
 Who once so dearly prized this miniature,
 And loved it for its likeness, some are gone
 To their last home ; and some, estranged in heart,
 Beholding me, with quick-averted glance
 Pass on the other side. But still these hues
 Remain unalter'd, and these features wear
 The look of Infancy and Innocence.
 I search myself in vain, and find no trace
 Of what I was : those lightly arching lines
 Dark and o'erhanging now ; and that sweet face
 Settled in these strong lineaments ! . . There were
 Who form'd high hopes and flattering ones of thee,
 Young Robert ! for thine eye was quick to speak
 Each opening feeling : should they not have known,
 If the rich rainbow on a morning cloud
 Reflects its radiant dyes, the husbandman
 Beholds the ominous glory, and foresees
 Impending storms ! . . They augured happily,

That thou didst love each wild and wonderous tale
Of faery fiction, and thine infant tongue
Lisp'd with delight the godlike deeds of Greece
And rising Rome ; therefore they deem'd, forsooth,
That thou shouldst tread Preferment's pleasant path.
Ill-judging ones ! they let thy little feet
Stray in the pleasant paths of Poesy,
And when thou shouldst have prest amid the crowd,
There didst thou love to linger out the day,
Loitering beneath the laurel's barren shade.
SPIRIT OF SPENSER ! was the wanderer wrong ?

Bristol, 1796.

VII.

ON THE DEATH OF A FAVOURITE OLD
SPANIEL.

AND they have drown'd thee then at last ! poor Phillis !
 The burden of old age was heavy on thee,
 And yet thou should'st have lived ! What though
 thine eye
 Was dim, and watch'd no more with eager joy
 The wonted call that on thy dull sense sunk
 With fruitless repetition, the warm Sun
 Might still have cheer'd thy slumbers ; thou didst love
 To lick the hand that fed thee, and though past
 Youth's active season, even Life itself
 Was comfort. Poor old friend, how earnestly
 Would I have pleaded for thee ! thou hadst been
 Still the companion of my boyish sports ;
 And as I roam'd o'er Avon's woody cliffs,
 From many a day-dream has thy short quick bark
 Recall'd my wandering soul. I have beguiled
 Often the melancholy hours at school,
 Sour'd by some little tyrant, with the thought
 Of distant home, and I remember'd then
 Thy faithful fondness ; for not mean the joy,
 Returning at the happy holydays,
 I felt from thy dumb welcome. Pensively
 Sometimes have I remark'd thy slow decay,
 Feeling myself changed too, and musing much

On many a sad vicissitude of Life.
Ah, poor companion ! when thou followedst last
Thy master's parting footsteps to the gate
Which closed for ever on him, thou didst lose
Thy truest friend, and none was left to plead
For the old age of brute fidelity.
But fare thee well ! Mine is no narrow creed ;
And HE who gave thee being did not frame
The mystery of life to be the sport
Of merciless Man. There is another world
For all that live and move . . a better one !
Where the proud bipeds, who would fain confine
INFINITE GOODNESS to the little bounds
Of their own charity, may envy thee.

Bristol, 1796.

VIII.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A DAY'S JOURNEY
IN SPAIN.

NOT less delighted do I call to mind,
 Land of Romance, thy wild and lovely scenes,
 Than I beheld them first. Pleased I retrace
 With memory's eye the placid Minho's course,
 And catch its winding waters gleaming bright
 Amid the broken distance. I review
 Leon's wide wastes, and heights precipitous,
 Seen with a pleasure not unmix'd with dread,
 As the sagacious mules along the brink
 Wound patiently and slow their way secure ;
 And rude Galicia's hovels, and huge rocks
 And mountains, where, when all beside was dim,
 Dark and broad-headed the tall pines erect
 Rose on the farthest eminence distinct,
 Cresting the evening sky.

Rain now falls thick,
 And damp and heavy is the unwholesome air ;
 I by this friendly hearth remember Spain,
 And tread in fancy once again the road,
 Where twelve months since I held my way, and thought
 Of England, and of all my heart held dear,
 And wish'd *this* day were come.

The morning mist,

Well I remember, hovered o'er the heath,
When with the earliest dawn of day we left
The solitary Venta.* Soon the Sun
Rose in his glory ; scatter'd by the breeze
The thin fog roll'd away, and now emerged
We saw where Oropesa's castled hill
Tower'd dark, and dimly seen ; and now we pass'd
Torvalva's quiet huts, and on our way
Paused frequently, look'd back, and gazed around,
Then journey'd on, yet turn'd and gazed again,
So lovely was the scene. That ducal pile
Of the Toledos now with all its towers
Shone in the sunlight. Half way up the hill,
Embower'd in olives, like the abode of Peace,
Lay Lagartina ; and the cool fresh gale
Bending the young corn on the gradual slope
Play'd o'er its varying verdure. I beheld
A convent near, and could almost have thought
The dwellers there must needs be holy men,
For as they look'd around them all they saw
Was good.

But when the purple eve came on,
How did the lovely landscape fill my heart !
Trees scatter'd among peering rocks adorn'd
The near ascent ; the vale was overspread
With ilex in its wintry foliage gay,
Old cork-trees through their soft and swelling bark
Bursting, and glaucous olives, underneath
Whose fertilizing influence the green herb
Grows greener, and with heavier ears enrich'd

* Venta de Peralbanegas.

The healthful harvest bends. Pellucid streams
Through many a vocal channel from the hills
Wound through the valley their melodious way ;
And o'er the intermediate woods descried,
Naval-Moral's church tower announced to us
Our resting-place that night, — a welcome mark ;
Though willingly we loiter'd to behold
In long expanse Plasencia's fertile plain,
And the high mountain range which bounded it,
Now losing fast the roseate hue that eve
Shed o'er its summit and its snowy breast,
For eve was closing now. Faint and more faint
The murmurs of the goatherd's scattered flock
Were borne upon the air, and sailing slow
The broad-wing'd stork sought on the church tower
top

His consecrated nest. O lovely scenes !
I gazed upon you with intense delight,
And yet with thoughts that weigh the spirit down.
I was a stranger in a foreign land,
And knowing that these eyes should never more
Behold that glorious prospect, Earth itself
Appear'd the place of pilgrimage it is.

Bristol, January 15. 1797.

IX.

TO MARGARET HILL,

WRITTEN FROM LONDON. 1798.

MARGARET! my Cousin, . . nay, you must not smile
I love the homely and familiar phrase :
And I will call thee Cousin Margaret,
However quaint amid the measured line
The good old term appears. Oh ! it looks ill
When delicate tongues disclaim old terms of kin,
Sir-ing and Madam-ing as civilly
As if the road between the heart and lips
Were such a weary and Laplandish way,
That the poor travellers came to the red gates
Half frozen. Trust me, Cousin Margaret,
For many a day my memory hath play'd
The creditor with me on your account,
And made me shame to think that I should owe
So long the debt of kindness. But in truth
Like Christian on his pilgrimage, I bear
So heavy a pack of business, that albeit
I toil on mainly, in our twelve hours' race
Time leaves me distanced. Loth indeed were I
That for a moment you should lay to me
Unkind neglect ; mine, Margaret, is a heart
That smokes not, yet methinks there should be some
Who know its genuine warmth. I am not one

Who can play off my smiles and courtesies
To every Lady of her lap-dog tired
Who wants a play-thing ; I am no sworn friend
Of half-an-hour, as apt to leave as love ;
Mine are no mushroom feelings, which spring up
At once without a seed and take no root,
Wiseliest distrusted. In a narrow sphere,
The little circle of domestic life,
I would be known and loved : the world beyond
Is not for me. But, Margaret, sure I think
That you should know me well, for you and I
Grew up together, and when we look back
Upon old times, our recollections paint
The same familiar faces. Did I wield
The wand of Merlin's magic, I would make
Brave witchcraft. We would have a faery ship,
Aye, a new Ark, as in that other flood
Which swept the sons of Anak from the earth ;
The Sylphs should waft us to some goodly isle
Like that where whilom old Apollidon,
Retiring wisely from the troublous world,
Built up his blameless spell ; and I would bid
The Sea-Nymphs pile around their coral bowers,
That we might stand upon the beach, and mark
The far-off breakers shower their silver spray,
And hear the eternal roar, whose pleasant sound
Told us that never mariner should reach
Our quiet coast. In such a blessed isle
We might renew the days of infancy,
And Life like a long childhood pass away,
Without one care. It may be, Margaret,
That I shall yet be gather'd to my friends ;

For I am not of those who live estranged
Of choice, till at the last they join their race
In the family-vault. If so, if I should lose,
Like my old friend the Pilgrim, this huge pack
So heavy on my shoulders, I and mine
Right pleasantly will end our pilgrimage.
If not, if I should never get beyond
This Vanity-town, there is another world
Where friends will meet. And often, Margaret,
I gaze at night into the boundless sky,
And think that I shall there be born again,
The exalted native of some better star ;
And, like the untaught American, I look
To find in Heaven the things I loved on earth

X.

AUTUMN.

NAY, William, nay, not so ! the changeful year
 In all its due successions to my sight
 Presents but varied beauties, transient all,
 All in their season good. These fading leaves,
 That with their rich variety of hues
 Make yonder forest in the slanting sun
 So beautiful, in you awake the thought
 Of winter, . . cold, drear winter, when the trees
 Each like a fleshless skeleton shall stretch
 Its bare brown boughs ; when not a flower shall spread
 Its colours to the day, and not a bird
 Carol its joyaunce, . . but all nature wear
 One sullen aspect, bleak and desolate,
 To eye, ear, feeling, comfortless alike.
 To me their many-colour'd beauties speak
 Of times of merriment and festival,
 The year's best holyday : I call to mind
 The school-boy days, when in the falling leaves
 I saw with eager hope the pleasant sign
 Of coming Christmas ; when at morn I took
 My wooden kalendar, and counting up
 Once more its often-told account, smoothed off
 Each day with more delight the daily notch.
 To you the beauties of the autumnal year

Make mournful emblems, and you think of man
Doom'd to the grave's long winter, spirit-broken,
Bending beneath the burthen of his years,
Sense-dull'd and fretful, "full of aches and pains,"
Yet clinging still to life. To me they shew
The calm decay of nature when the mind
Retains its strength, and in the languid eye
Religion's holy hopes kindle a joy
That makes old age look lovely. All to you
Is dark and cheerless ; you in this fair world
See some destroying principle abroad,
Air, earth, and water full of living things,
Each on the other preying ; and the ways
Of man, a strange perplexing labyrinth,
Where crimes and miseries, each producing each,
Render life loathsome, and destroy the hope
That should in death bring comfort. Oh, my friend,
That thy faith were as mine ! that thou couldst see
Death still producing life, and evil still
Working its own destruction ; couldst behold
The strifes and troubles of this troubled world
With the strong eye that sees the promised day
Dawn through this night of tempest ! All things then
Would minister to joy ; then should thine heart
Be heal'd and harmonized, and thou wouldst feel
God, always, every where, and all in all.

Westbury, 1798.

XI.

THE VICTORY.

HARK, . . how the church-bells with redoubling peals
 Stun the glad ear ! Tidings of joy have come,
 Good tidings of great joy ! two gallant ships
 Met on the element, . . they met, they fought
 A desperate fight ! . . good tidings of great joy !
 Old England triumph'd ! yet another day
 Of glory for the ruler of the waves !
 For those who fell, 't was in their country's cause,
 They have their passing paragraphs of praise,
 And are forgotten.

There was one who died
 In that day's glory, whose obscurer name
 No proud historian's page will chronicle.
 Peace to his honest soul ! I read his name,
 'T was in the list of slaughter, and thank'd God
 The sound was not familiar to mine ear.
 But it was told me after, that this man
 Was one whom lawful violence had forced
 From his own home and wife and little ones,
 Who by his labour lived ; that he was one
 Whose uncorrupted heart could keenly feel
 A husband's love, a father's anxiousness ;
 That from the wages of his toil he fed
 The distant dear ones, and would talk of them
 At midnight when he trod the silent deck

With him he valued, . . . talk of them, of joys
Which he had known, . . . oh God ! and of the hour
When they should meet again, till his full heart,
His manly heart, at times would overflow,
Even like a child's, with very tenderness.
Peace to his honest spirit ! suddenly
It came, and merciful the ball of death,
That it came suddenly and shatter'd him,
Nor left a moment's agonizing thought
On those he loved so well.

He ocean-deep
Now lies at rest. Be Thou her comforter
Who art the widow's friend ! Man does not know
What a cold sickness made her blood run back
When first she heard the tidings of the fight !
Man does not know with what a dreadful hope
She listened to the names of those who died ;
Man does not know, or knowing will not heed,
With what an agony of tenderness
She gazed upon her children, and beheld
His image who was gone. O God ! be Thou,
Who art the widow's friend, her comforter !

Westbury, 1798.

XII.

HISTORY.

THOU chronicle of crimes ! I read no more ;
 For I am one who willingly would love
 His fellow-kind. O gentle Poesy,
 Receive me from the court's polluted scenes,
 From dungeon horrors, from the fields of war,
 Receive me to your haunts, . . that I may nurse
 My nature's better feelings, for my soul
 Sicken at man's misdeeds !

I spake, when lo !

There stood before me, in her majesty,
 Clio, the strong-eyed Muse. Upon her brow
 Sate a calm anger. Go, young man, she cried,
 Sigh among myrtle bowers, and let thy soul
 Effuse itself in strains so sorrowful sweet,
 That love-sick Maids may weep upon thy page,
 Soothed with delicious sorrow. Oh shame ! shame !
 Was it for this I waken'd thy young mind ?
 Was it for this I made thy swelling heart
 Throb at the deeds of Greece, and thy boy's eye
 So kindle when that glorious Spartan died ?
 Boy ! boy ! deceive me not ! . . . What if the tale
 Of murder'd millions strike a chilling pang ;
 What if Tiberius in his island stews,
 And Philip at his beads, alike inspire
 Strong anger and contempt ; hast thou not risen

With nobler feelings, . . with a deeper love
For freedom? Yes; if righteously thy soul
Loathes the black history of human crimes
And human misery, let that spirit fill
Thy song, and it shall teach thee, boy! to raise
Strains such as Cato might have deign'd to hear.
As Sidney in his hall of bliss may love.

Wistbury, 1798.

XIII.

WRITTEN IMMEDIATELY AFTER READING
THE SPEECH OF ROBERT EMMET,
ON HIS TRIAL AND CONVICTION FOR HIGH TREASON,
SEPT. 1803.

“LET no man write my epitaph ; let my grave
Be uninscribed, and let my memory rest
Till other times are come, and other men,
Who then may do me justice.” *

Emmet, no !

No withering curse hath dried my spirit up,
That I should now be silent, . . that my soul
Should from the stirring inspiration shrink,
Now when it shakes her, and withhold her voice,
Of that divinest impulse never more
Worthy, if impious I withheld it now,
Hardening my heart. Here, here in this free Isle,
To which in thy young virtue's erring zeal
Thou wert so perilous an enemy,
Here in free England shall an English hand
Build thy imperishable monument ;

* These were the words in his speech : “ Let there be no inscription upon my tomb. Let no man write my epitaph. No man can write my epitaph. I am here ready to die. I am not allowed to vindicate my character ; and when I am prevented from vindicating myself, let no man dare to calumniate me. Let my character and my motives repose in obscurity and peace, till other times and other men can do them justice. Then shall my character be vindicated ; then may my epitaph be written. I HAVE DONE.”

O, . . to thine own misfortune and to ours,
By thine own deadly error so beguiled,
Here in free England shall an English voice
Raise up thy mourning-song. For thou hast paid
The bitter penalty of that misdeed ;
Justice hath done her unrelenting part,
If she in truth be Justice who drives on,
Bloody and blind, the chariot wheels of death.

So young, so glowing for the general good,
Oh what a lovely manhood had been thine,
When all the violent workings of thy youth
Had pass'd away, hadst thou been wisely spared,
Left to the slow and certain influences
Of silent feeling and maturing thought.
How had that heart, . . that noble heart of thine,
Which even now had snapt one spell, which beat
With such brave indignation at the shame
And guilt of France, and of her miscreant Lord,
How had it clung to England ! With what love,
What pure and perfect love, return'd to her,
Now worthy of thy love, the champion now
For freedom, . . yea, the only champion now,
And soon to be the Avenger. But the blow
Hath fallen, the indiscriminating blow,
That for its portion to the Grave consign'd
Youth, Genius, generous Virtue. Oh, grief, grief !
Oh, sorrow and reproach ! Have ye to learn,
Deaf to the past, and to the future blind,
Ye who thus irremissibly exact
The forfeit life, how lightly life is staked,
When in distempered times the feverish mind

To strong delusion yields? Have ye to learn
With what a deep and spirit-stirring voice
Pity doth call Revenge? Have ye no hearts
To feel and understand how Mercy tames
The rebel nature, madden'd by old wrongs,
And binds it in the gentle bands of love,
When steel and adamant were weak to hold
That Samson-strength subdued!

Let no man write

Thy epitaph! Emmet, nay; thou shalt not go
Without thy funeral strain! O young and good
And wise, though erring here, thou shalt not go
Unhonour'd nor unsung. And better thus
Beneath that indiscriminating stroke,
Better to fall, than to have lived to mourn,
As sure thou wouldst, in misery and remorse,
Thine own disastrous triumph; to have seen,
If the Almighty at that awful hour
Had turn'd away his face, wild Ignorance
Let loose, and frantic Vengeance, and dark Zeal,
And all bad passions tyrannous, and the fires
Of Persecution once again ablaze.
How had it sunk into thy soul to see,
Last curse of all, the ruffian slaves of France
In thy dear native country lording it!
How happier thus, in that heroic mood
That takes away the sting of death, to die,
By all the good and all the wise forgiven,
Yea, in all ages by the wise and good
To be remember'd, mourn'd, and honour'd still.

Keswick.

XIV.

THANKSGIVING FOR VICTORY.

[Written for Music, and composed by Shield]

GLORY to Thee in thine omnipotence,
O Lord, who art our shield and our defence,
And dost dispense,
As seemeth best to thine unerring will
(Which passeth mortal sense),
The lot of Victory still ;
Edging sometimes with might the sword unjust :
And bowing to the dust
The rightful cause, that so such seeming ill
May thine appointed purposes fulfil ;
Sometimes, as in this late auspicious hour
For which our hymns we raise,
Making the wicked feel thy present power ;
Glory to thee and praise,
Almighty God, by whom our strength was given !
Glory to thee, O Lord of Earth and Heaven !

Keswick, 1815.

XV.

STANZAS

WRITTEN IN LADY LONSDALE'S ALBUM, AT
LOWTHER CASTLE, OCTOBER 13. 1821.

1.

SOMETIMES in youthful years,
When in some ancient ruin I have stood,
Alone and musing, till with quiet tears
I felt my cheeks bedew'd,
A melancholy thought hath made me grieve
For this our age, and humbled me in mind,
That it should pass away and leave
No monuments behind.

2.

Not for themselves alone
Our fathers lived ; nor with a niggard hand
Raised they the fabrics of enduring stone,
Which yet adorn the land ;
Their piles, memorials of the mighty dead,
Survive them still, majestic in decay ;
But ours are like ourselves, I said,
The creatures of a day.

3.

With other feelings now,
Lowther ! have I beheld thy stately walls,
Thy pinnacles, and broad embattled brow,
And hospitable halls.

The sun those wide-spread battlements shall crest,
And silent years unharmed shall go by,
Till centuries in their course invest
Thy towers with sanctity.

4.

But thou the while shalt bear,
To after-times, an old and honoured name,
And to remote posterity declare
Thy Founder's virtuous fame.
Fair structure ! worthy the triumphant age
Of glorious England's opulence and power,
Peace be thy lasting heritage,
And happiness thy dower !

XVI.

STANZAS

ADDRESSED TO W. R. TURNER, ESQ., R.A., ON HIS
VIEW OF THE LAGO MAGGIORE FROM THE
TOWN OF ARONA.

[Engraved for the Keepsake of 1829]

1.

TURNER, thy pencil brings to mind a day
When from Laveno and the Beuscer hill
I over Lake Verbanus held my way
In pleasant fellowship, with wind at will;
Smooth were the waters wide, the sky serene,
And our hearts gladden'd with the joyful scene;

2.

Joyful, . . for all things minister'd delight, . .
The lake and land, the mountains and the vales;
The Alps their snowy summits rear'd in light,
Tempering with gelid breath the summer gales;
And verdant shores and woods refresh'd the eye
That else had ached beneath that brilliant sky.

3.

To that elaborate island were we bound
Of yore the scene of Borromean pride, . .
Folly's prodigious work; where all around,
Under its coronet and self-belied,
Look where you will, you cannot choose but see
The obtrusive motto's proud "HUMILITY!"

4.

Far off the Borromean saint was seen,
Distinct though distant, o'er his native town,
Where his Colossus with benignant mien
Looks from its station on Arona down :
To it the inland sailor lifts his eyes,
From the wide lake, when perilous storms arise.

5.

But no storm threaten'd on that summer-day ;
The whole rich scene appear'd for joyance made ;
With many a gliding bark the mere was gay,
The fields and groves in all their wealth array'd ;
I could have thought the Sun beheld with smiles
Those towns and palaces and populous isles.

6.

From fair Arona, even on such a day,
When gladness was descending like a shower,
Great painter, did thy gifted eye survey
The splendid scene ; and, conscious of its power,
Well hath thine hand inimitable given
The glories of the lake, and land, and heaven.

Keswick, 1828.

XVII.

ON A PICTURE BY J. M. WRIGHT, ESQ.

[Engraved for the Keepsake of 1820]

1.

THE sky-lark hath perceived his prison-door
 Uncloscd ; for liberty the captive tries :
 Puss eagerly hath watched him from the floor,
 And in her grasp he flutters, pants, and dies.

2.

Lucy's own Puss, and Lucy's own dear Bird,
 Her foster'd favourites both for many a day,
 That which the tender-hearted girl preferr'd,
 She in her fondness knew not sooth to say.

3.

For if the sky-lark's pipe were shrill and strong,
 And its rich tones the thrilling ear might please,
 Yet Pussybel could breathe a fireside song
 As winning, when she lay on Lucy's knees.

4.

Both knew her voice, and each alike would seek
 Her eye, her smile, her fondling touch to gain :
 How faintly then may words her sorrow speak,
 When by the one she sees the other slain.

5.

The flowers fall scatter'd from her lifted hands ;
A cry of grief she utters in affright ;
And self-condemn'd for negligence she stands
Aghast and helpless at the cruel sight.

6.

Come, Lucy, let me dry those tearful eyes ;
Take thou, dear child, a lesson not unholy,
From one whom nature taught to moralize
Both in his mirth and in his melancholy.

7.

I will not warn thee not to set thy heart
Too fondly upon perishable things ;
In vain the earnest preacher spends his art
Upon that theme ; in vain the poet sings.

8.

It is our nature's strong necessity,
And this the soul's unerring instincts tell :
Therefore I say, let us love worthily,
Dear child, and then we cannot love too well.

9.

Better it is all losses to deplore,
Which dutiful affection can sustain,
Than that the heart should, in its inmost core,
Harden without it, and have lived in vain.

10.

This love which thou hast lavish'd. and the woe
Which makes thy lip now quiver with distress,
Are but a vent, an innocent overflow,
From the deep springs of female tenderness.

11.

And something I would teach thee from the grief
That thus hath fill'd those gentle eyes with tears,
The which may be thy sober, sure relief
When sorrow visits thee in after years.

12.

I ask not whither is the spirit flown
That lit the eye which there in death is seal'd ;
Our Father hath not made that mystery known ;
Needless the knowledge, therefore not reveal'd.

13.

But didst thou know in sure and sacred truth,
It had a place assign'd in yonder skies,
There through an endless life of joyous youth,
To warble in the bowers of Paradise ;

14.

Lucy, if then the power to thee were given
In that cold form its life to re-engage,
Wouldst thou call back the warbler from its Heaven,
To be again the tenant of a cage ?

15.

Only that thou might'st cherish it again,
Wouldst thou the object of thy love recall
To mortal life, and chance, and change, and pain,
And death, which must be suffered once by all :

16.

Oh, no, thou say'st : oh, surely not, not so !
I read the answer which those looks express :
For pure and true affection well I know
Leaves in the heart no room for selfishness.

17.

Such love of all our virtues is the gem ,
We bring with us the immortal seed at birth :
Of heaven it is, and heavenly ; woe to them
Who make it wholly earthly and of earth !

18.

What we love perfectly, for its own sake
We love and not our own, being ready thus
Whate'er self-sacrifice is ask'd, to make ;
That which is best for it, is best for us.

19.

O Lucy ! treasure up that pious thought !
It hath a balm for sorrow's deadliest darts ;
And with true comfort thou wilt find it fraught,
If grief should reach thee in thy heart of hearts.

XVIII.

1.

My days among the Dead are past ;
 Around me I behold,
 Where'er these casual eyes are cast
 The mighty minds of old ;
 My never failing friends are they,
 With whom I converse day by day.

2.

With them I take delight in weal,
 And seek relief in woe ;
 And while I understand and feel
 How much to them I owe,
 My cheeks have often been bedew'd
 With tears of thoughtful gratitude.

3.

My thoughts are with the Dead, with them
 I live in long-past years,
 Their virtues love, their faults condemn,
 Partake their hopes and fears,
 And from their lessons seek and find
 Instruction with an humble mind.

4.

My hopes are with the Dead, anon
My place with them will be,
And I with them shall travel on
Through all Futurity ;
Yet leaving here a name, I trust,
That will not perish in the dust.

Keswick, 1818.

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XIX.

IMITATED FROM THE PERSIAN.

LORD ! who art merciful as well as just,
Incline thine ear to me, a child of dust !
Not what I would, O Lord ! I offer thee,
Alas ! but what I can.

Father Almighty, who hast made me man,
And bade me look to Heaven, for Thou art there,

Accept my sacrifice and humble prayer.
Four things which are not in thy treasury,
I lay before thee, Lord, with this petition : . .

My nothingness, my wants,
My sins, and my contrition.

Lowther Castle, 1828.

THE RETROSPECT.

THE RETROSPECT.

Corston is a small village about three miles from Bath, a little to the left of the Bristol road. The manor was parted with by the monks of Bath, about the reign of Henry I., to Sir Roger de St. Lo, in exchange. It continued in his family till the reign of Edward II., when it passed to the family of Inge, who are said to have been domestics to the St. Los for several generations. In process of time, it came to the Harringtons, and was by them sold to Joseph Langton, whose daughter and heiress brought it in marriage to William Gore Langton, Esq.

The church, which in 1292, was valued at 7 marks, 9s. 4d., was appropriated to the prior and convent of Bath; and a vicarage ordained here by Bishop John de Droghensford, Nov. 1. 1321, decreeing that the vicar and his successors *in perpetuum* should have a hall, with chambers, kitchen, and bakehouse, with a third part of the garden and curtilage, and a pigeon-house, formerly belonging to the parsonage; that he should have one acre of arable land, consisting of three parcels, late part of the demesne of the said parsonage, together with common pasturage for his swine in such places as the rector of the said church used that privilege; that he should receive from the prior and convent of Bath one quarter of bread-corn yearly, and have all the altarage, and all small tithes of beans and other blade growing in the cottage enclosures and cultivated curtilages throughout the parish; that the religious aforesaid and their successors, as rectors of the said church, should have all the arable land, with a park belonging to the land (the acre above mentioned only excepted), and receive all great

tithes, as well of corn as of hay; the said religious to sustain all burdens, ordinary and extraordinary, incumbent on the church as rector thereof. The prior of Bath had a yearly pension out of the vicarage of 1s. — *Collinson's Hist. of Somersetshire*, vol. iii. pp. 341—347.

The mansion, which is represented both in the frontispiece and vignette of this volume, is now occupied as a lum-house.

ON as I journey through the vale of years,
By hopes enliven'd, or deprest by fears,
Allow me, Memory, in thy treasured store,
To view the days that will return no more.
And yes ! before thine intellectual ray,
The clouds of mental darkness melt away !
As when, at earliest day's awakening dawn,
The hovering mists obscure the dewy lawn,
O'er all the landscape spread their influence chill,
Hang o'er the vale and wood, and hide the hill,
Anon, slow-rising, comes the orb of day,
Slow fade the shadowy mists and roll away,
The prospect opens on the traveller's sight,
And hills and vales and woods reflect the living light.

O thou, the mistress of my future days,
Accept thy minstrel's retrospective lays ;
To whom the minstrel and the lyre belong,
Accept, my EDITH, Memory's pensive song.
Of long-past days I sing, ere yet I knew
Or thought and grief, or happiness and you ;
Ere yet my infant heart had learnt to prove
The cares of life, the hopes and fears of love.

Corston, twelve years in various fortunes fled
Have past with restless progress o'er my head,
Since in thy vale beneath the master's rule
I dwelt an inmate of the village school.
Yet still will Memory's busy eye retrace
Each little vestige of the well-known place ;
Each wonted haunt and scene of youthful joy,
Where merriment has cheer'd the careless boy ;
Well-pleased will fancy still the spot survey
Where once he triumph'd in the boyish play,
Without one care where every morn he rose,
Where every evening sunk to calm repose.

Large was the house, though fallen in course of fate
From its old grandeur and manorial state.
Lord of the manor, here the jovial Squire
Once call'd his tenants round the crackling fire ;
Here while the glow of joy suffused his face,
He told his ancient exploits in the chase, "
And, proud his rival sportsmen to surpass,
He lit again the pipe, and fill'd again the glass.

But now no more was heard at early morn
The echoing clangor of the huntsman's horn ;
No more the eager hounds with deepening cry
Leapt round him as they knew their pastime nigh ;
The Squire no more obey'd the morning call,
Nor favourite spaniels fill'd the sportsman's hall ;
For he, the last descendant of his race,
Slept with his fathers, and forgot the chase.
There now in petty empire o'er the school
The mighty master held despotic rule ;

Trembling in silence all his deeds we saw,
His look a mandate, and his word a law ;
Severe his voice, severe and stern his mien,
And wondrous strict he was, and wondrous wise I ween.

Even now through many a long long year I trace
The hour when first with awe I view'd his face ;
Even now recall my entrance at the dome, ..
'T was the first day I ever left my home !
Years intervening have not worn away
The deep remembrance of that wretched day,
Nor taught me to forget my earliest fears,
A mother's fondness, and a mother's tears ;
When close she prest me to her sorrowing heart,
As loth as even I myself to part ;
And I, as I beheld her sorrows flow,
With painful effort hid my inward woe.

But time to youthful troubles brings relief,
And each new object weans the child from grief.
Like April showers the tears of youth descend,
Sudden they fall, and suddenly they end,
And fresher pleasure cheers the following hour,
As brighter shines the sun after the April shower.

Methinks even now the interview I see,
The Mistress's glad smile, the Master's glee ;
Much of my future happiness they said,
Much of the easy life the scholars led,
Of spacious play-ground and of wholesome air,
The best instruction and the tenderest care ;

And when I followed to the garden-door
My father, till through tears I saw no more, . .
How civilly they soothed my parting pain,
And never did they speak so civilly again.

Why loves the soul on earlier years to dwell,
When Memory spreads around hersaddening spell,
When discontent, with sullen gloom o'ercast,
Turns from the present and prefers the past ?
Why calls reflection to my pensive view
Each trifling act of infancy anew,
Each trifling act with pleasure pondering o'er,
Even at the time when trifles please no more ?
Yet is remembrance sweet, though well I know
The days of childhood are but days of woe ;
Some rude restraint, some petty tyrant sours
What else should be our sweetest, blithest hours ;
Yet is it sweet to call those hours to mind, . .
Those easy hours for ever left behind ;
Ere care began the spirit to oppress,
When ignorance itself was happiness.

Such was my state in those remember'd years
When two small acres bounded all my fears ;
And therefore still with pleasure I recall [hall,
The tapestried school, the bright brown-boarded
The murmuring brook, that every morning saw
The due observance of the cleanly law ;
The walnuts, where, when favour would allow,
Full oft I wont to search each well-stript bough ;
The crab-tree, which supplied a secret board
With roasted crabs to deck the wintry board ;

These trifling objects then my heart possess,
These trifling objects still remain impress ;
So when with unskill'd hand some idle hind
Carves his rude name within a sapling's rind,
In after years the peasant lives to see
The expanding letters grow as grows the tree ;
Though every winter's desolating sway
Shake the hoarse grove and sweep the leaves away,
That rude inscription uneffaced will last,
Unalter'd by the storm or wintry blast.

Oh while well pleased the letter'd traveller roams
Among old temples, palaces, and domes,
Strays with the Arab o'er the wreck of time
Where erst Palmyra's towers arose sublime,
Or marks the lazy Turk's lethargic pride,
And Grecian slavery on Ilyssus' side,
Oh be it mine, aloof from public strife,
To mark the changes of domestic life,
The alter'd scenes where once I bore a part,
Where every change of fortune strikes the heart.
As when the merry bells with echoing sound
Proclaim the news of victory around,
Rejoicing patriots run the news to spread
Of glorious conquest and of thousands dead,
All join the loud huzza with eager breath,
And triumph in the tale of blood and death ;
But if extended on the battle-plain,
Cut off in conquest some dear friend be slain,
Affection then will fill the sorrowing eye,
And suffering Nature grieve that one should die.

Cold was the morn, and bleak the wintry blast
Blew o'er the meadow, when I saw thee last.
My bosom bounded as I wandered round
With silent step the long-remember'd ground,
Where I had loiter'd out so many an hour,
Chased the gay butterfly, and cull'd the flower,
Sought the swift arrow's erring course to trace,
Or with mine equals vied amid the chase.
I saw the church where I had slept away
The tedious service of the summer day ;
Or, hearing sadly all the preacher told,
In winter waked and shiver'd with the cold.
Oft have my footsteps roan'd the sacred ground
Where heroes, kings, and poets sleep around ;
Oft traced the mouldering castle's ivied wall,
Or aged convent tottering to its fall ;
Yet never had my bosom felt such pain,
As, Corston, when I saw thy scenes again ;
For many a long-lost pleasure came to view,
For many a long-past sorrow rose anew ;
Where whilom all were friends I stood alone,
Unknowing all I saw, of all I saw unknown.

There, where my little hands were wont to rear
With pride the earliest salad of the year ;
Where never idle weed to spring was seen,
Rank thorns and nettles rear'd their heads obscene.
Still all around and sad, I saw no more
The playful group, nor heard the playful roar ;
There echoed round no shout of mirth and glee,
It seem'd as though the world were changed like me !

Enough ! it boots not on the past to dwell, ..
Fair scene of other years, a long farewell !
Rouse up, my soul ! it boots not to repine,
Rouse up ! for worthier feelings should be thine ;
Thy path is plain and straight, .. that light is given, ..
Onward in faith, .. and leave the rest to Heaven.

Oxford, 1794.

HYMN TO THE PENATES.

*Remove far from me vanity and lies ; give me neither
poverty nor riches ; feed me with food convenient for me.*

The words of AGUR.

ΟΙΚΟΙ βελτερον ειναι, επει βλαβερον το Ξυρηφι.

HESED.

HYMN TO THE PENATES.

YET one Song more ! one high and solemn strain
 Ere, Phœbus ! on thy temple's ruin'd wall
 I hang the silent harp : there may its strings,
 When the rude tempest shakes the aged pile,
 Make melancholy music. One song more !
 PENATES, hear me ! for to you I hymn
 The votive lay ; whether, as sages deem,
 Ye dwell in inmost * Heaven, the Counsellors†
 Of Jove ; or if, Supreme of Deities,
 All things are yours, and in your holy train
 Jove proudly ranks, and Juno, white-arm'd Queen,
 And wisest of Immortals, the dread Maid
 Athenian Pallas. Venerable Powers,
 Harken your hymn of praise ! Though from your rites
 Estranged, and exiled from your altars long,
 I have not ceased to love you, Household Gods !
 In many a long and melancholy hour
 Of solitude and sorrow, hath my heart
 With earnest longings pray'd to rest at length
 Beside your hallow'd hearth, . . for Peace is there !

* Hence one explanation of the name *Penates*, because they were supposed to reign in the inmost heavens.

† This was the belief of the ancient *Hetrurci*, who called them *Concertes* and *Complices*.

Yes, I have loved you long ! I call on ye
Yourselves to witness with what holy joy,
Shunning the common herd of humankind,
I have retired to watch your lonely fires
And commune with myself : . . delightful hours,
That gave mysterious pleasure, made me know
Mine inmost heart, its weakness and its strength,
Taught me to cherish with devoutest care
Its deep unworldly feelings, taught me too
The best of lessons—*to respect myself*.

Nor have I ever ceased to reverence you,
Domestic Deities ! from the first dawn
Of reason, through the adventurous paths of youth,
Even to this better day, when on mine ear
The uproar of contending nations sounds
But like the passing wind, and wakes no pulse
To tumult. When a child . . . (for still I love
To dwell with fondness on my childish years,)
When first, a little one, I left my home,
I can remember the first grief I felt,
And the first painful smile that clothed my front
With feelings not its own : sadly at night
I sat me down beside a stranger's hearth ;
And when the lingering hour of rest was come,
First wet with tears my pillow. As I grew
In years and knowledge, and the course of time
Developed the young feelings of my heart,
When most I loved in solitude to rove
Amid the woodland gloom ; or where the rocks
Darken'd old Avon's stream, in the ivied cave
Recluse to sit and brood the future song, . .

Yet not the less, PENATES, loved I then
Your altars; not the less at evening hour
Loved I beside the well-trimm'd fire to sit,
Absorb'd in many a dear deceitful dream
Of visionary joys, . . deceitful dreams, . .
And yet not vain; for painting purest bliss,
They form'd to Fancy's mould her votary's heart.

By Cherwell's sedgy side, and in the meads
Where Isis in her calm clear stream reflects
The willow's bending boughs, at early dawn,
In the noon-tide hour, and when the night-mist rose,
I have remember'd you; and when the noise
Of lewd Intemperance on my lonely ear
Buist with loud tumult, as recluse I sate,
Musing on days when man should be redeem'd
From servitude, and vice, and wretchedness,
I blest you, Household Gods! because I loved
Your peaceful altars and serener rites.
Nor did I cease to reverence you, when driven
Amid the jarring crowd, an unfit man
To mingle with the world; still, still my heart
Sigh'd for your sanctuary, and inly pined;
And loathing human converse, I have stray'd
Where o'er the sea-beach chilly howl'd the blast,
And gazed upon the world of waves, and wish'd
That I were far beyond the Atlantic deep,
In woodland haunts, a sojourner with Peace.

Not idly did the ancient poets dream,
Who peopled earth with Deities. They trod
The wood with reverence where the Dryads dwelt;

At day's dim dawn or evening's misty hour
 They saw the Oreads on their mountain haunts,
 And felt their holy influence; nor impure
 Of thought, nor ever with polluted hands,*
 Touch'd they without a prayer the Naiad's spring;
 Nor without reverence to the River God
 Cross'd in unhappy hour his limpid stream.
 Yet was this influence transient; such brief awe
 Inspiring as the thunder's long loud peal
 Strikes to the feeble spirit. Household Gods,
 Not such your empire! in your votaries' breasts
 No momentary impulse ye awake;
 Nor fleeting, like their local energies,
 The deep devotion that your fanes impart.
 O ye whom Youth has wilder'd on your way,
 Or Pleasure with her syren song hath lured,
 Or Fame with spirit-stirring trump hath call'd

* Μηδε ποτ' αεναιων ποταμων καλλιρροον υδωρ
 Ποσσι περαν, πριν γ' ευξη ιδων ες καλα ρεεθρα,
 Χειρας νιψαμενος πολυηρατω υδατι λευκω,
 'Ος ποταμον διαβη, κακοτητι δε χειρας ανιπτος,
 Ταυδε θεοι νεμεσωσι, και αλγεα δωκαν οπισσω. ΠΙΣΙΟΝ.

Whene'er thy feet the river ford essay,
 Whose flowing current winds its limpid way,
 Thy hands amid the pleasant waters lave;
 And lowly gazing on the beauteous wave,
 Appaise the River God: if thou perverse
 Pass with unsprinkled hands, a heavy curse
 Shall rest upon thee from the observant skies,
 And after-woes retributive arise. ΕΙΡΟΝ.

To climb her summits, .. to your Household Gods
 Return; for not in Pleasure's gay abodes,
 Nor in the unquiet unsafe halls of Fame
 Doth Happiness abide. O ye who grieve
 Much for the miseries of your fellow-kind,
 More for their vices; ye whose honest eyes
 Scowl on Oppression, — ye whose honest hearts
 Beat high when Freedom sounds her dread alarm;
 O ye who quit the path of peaceful life
 Crusading for mankind .. a spaniel race
 That lick the hand that beats them, or tear all
 Alike in frenzy; to your Household Gods
 Return! for by their altars Virtue dwells,
 And Happiness with her; for by their fires
 Tranquillity, in no unsocial mood,
 Sits silent, listening to the pattering shower;
 For, so Suspicion* sleep not at the gate
 Of Wisdom, Falsehood shall not enter there.

As on the height of some huge eminence,
 Reach'd with long labour, the way-faring man
 Pauses awhile, and gazing o'er the plain
 With many a sore step travell'd, turns him then
 Serious to contemplate the onward road,
 And calls to mind the comforts of his home,
 And sighs that he has left them, and resolves

Oft though Wisdom wake, Suspicion sleeps
 At Wisdom's gate, and to Simplicity
 Resigns her charge, while Goodness thinks no ill
 Where no ill seems. MILTON.

To stray no more : I on my way of life
Muse thus, Penates, and with firmest faith
Devote myself to you. I will not quit,
To mingle with the crowd, your calm abodes,
Where by the evening hearth Contentment sits
And hears the cricket chirp ; where Love delights
To dwell, and on your altars lays his torch
That burns with no extinguishable flame.

Hear me, ye Powers benignant ! there is one
Must be mine inmate, . . for I may not choose
But love him. He is one whom many wrongs
Have sicken'd of the world. There was a time
When he would weep to hear of wickedness,
And wonder at the tale ; when for the opprest
He felt a brother's pity, to the oppressor
A good man's honest anger. His quick eye
Betray'd each rising feeling ; every thought
Leapt to his tongue. When first among mankind
He mingled, by himself he judged of them,
And loved and trusted them, to Wisdom deaf,
And took them to his bosom. Falsehood met
Her unsuspecting victim, fair of front,
And lovely as Apega's* sculptured form,
Like that false image caught his warm embrace,
And pierced his open breast. The reptile race
Clung round his bosom, and with viper folds

* One of the ways and means of the tyrant Nabis. If one of his subjects refused to lend him money, he commanded him to embrace his Apega ; the statue of a beautiful Woman so formed as to clasp the victim to her breast, in which a pointed dagger was concealed.

Encircling, stung the fool who foster'd them.
His mother was Simplicity, his sire
Benevolence ; in earlier days he bore
His father's name ; the world who injured him
Call him Misanthropy. I may not choose
But love him, Household Gods ! for we grew up
Together, and in the same school were bred,
And our poor fortunes the same course have held,
Up to this hour.

Penates ! some there are
Who say, that not in the inmost heaven ye dwell,
Gazing with eye remote on all the ways
Of man, his Guardian Gods ; wiselier they deem
A dearer interest to the human race
Links you, yourselves the Spirits of the Dead.
No mortal eye may pierce the invisible world,
No light of human reason penetrate
The depths where Truth lies hid. Yet to this faith
My heart with instant sympathy assents ;
And I would judge all systems and all faiths
By that best touchstone, from whose test Deceit
Shrinks like the Arch-Fiend at Ithuriel's spear ;
And Sophistry's gay glittering bubble bursts,
As at the spousals of the Nereid's son,
When that false Florimel *, with her prototype
Set side by side, in her unreal charms,
Dissolved away.

* Then did he set her by that snowy one,
Like the true saint beside the image set,
Of both their beauties to make paragone

Nor can the halls of Heaven
Give to the human soul such kindred joy,
As hovering o'er its earthly haunts it feels,
When with the breeze it dwells around the brow
Of one beloved on earth ; or when at night
In dreams it comes, and brings with it the Days
And Joys that are no more. Or when, perchance
With power permitted to alleviate ill
And fit the sufferer for the coming woe,
Some strange presage the Spirit breathes, and fills
The breast with ominous fear, preparing it
For sorrow, pours into the afflicted heart
The balm of resignation, and inspires
With heavenly hope. Even as a child delights
To visit day by day the favourite plant
His hand has sown, to mark its gradual growth,
And watch all-anxious for the promised flower ;
Thus to the blessed spirit in innocence
And pure affections like a little child,
Sweet will it be to hover o'er the friends
Beloved ; then sweetest, if, as duty prompts,
With earthly care we in their breasts have sown
The seeds of Truth and Virtue, holy flowers
Whose odour reacheth Heaven.

And trial whether should the honour get ;
Straightway so soone as both together met.
The enchaunted damsell vanish'd into nought ;
Her snowy substance melted as with heat ;
Ne of that goodly hew remayned ought
But the empty girdle which about her wast was wrought.

SPENSER.

When my sick Heart
 (Sick * with hope long delay'd, than which no care
 Weighs on the spirit heavier,) from itself
 Seeks the best comfort, often have I deem'd
 That thou didst witness every inmost thought,
 SEWARD ! my dear, dead friend ! For not in vain,
 O early summon'd on thy heavenly course,
 Was thy brief sojourn here ; me didst thou leave
 With strengthen'd step to follow the right path,
 Till we shall meet again. Meantime I soothe
 The deep regret of nature, with belief,
 O EDMUND ! that thine eye's celestial ken
 Pervades me now, marking with no mean joy
 The movements of the heart that loved thee well !

Such feelings Nature prompts, and hence your rites,
 Domestic Gods ! arise. When for his son
 With ceaseless grief Syrophanes bewail'd,
 Mourning his age left childless, and his wealth
 Heapt for an alien, he with obstinate eye
 Still on the imaged marble of the dead
 Dwelt, pampering sorrow. Thither from his wrath,
 A safe asylum, fled the offending slave,
 And garlanded the statue, and implored
 His young lost lord to save. Remembrance then
 Soften'd the father, and he loved to see
 The votive wreath renew'd, and the rich smoke

* Hope deferred maketh the heart sick. *Proverbs.*

Quâ non gravior mortalibus addita cura,

SPES ubi longa venit.

STATIUS.

Curl from the costly censer slow and sweet,
From Egypt soon the sorrow-soothing rites
Divulging spread; before your idol forms *
By every hearth the blinded Pagan knelt,
Pouring his prayers to these, and offering there
Vain sacrifice or impious, and sometimes
With human blood your sanctuary defiled.
Till the first Brutus, tyrant-conquering chief,
Arose; he first the impious rites put down,
He fittest, who for Freedom lived and died,
The friend of humankind. Then did your feasts
Frequent recur and blameless; and when came
The solemn festival †, whose happiest rites
Emblem'd Equality, the holiest truth,
Crown'd with gay garlands were your statues seen,
To you the fragrant censer smoked, to you
The rich libation flowed: vain sacrifice!
For not the poppy wreath nor fruits nor wine
Ye ask, Penates! nor the altar cleaved
With many a mystic form; ye ask the heart
Made pure, and by domestic Peace and Love
Hallow'd to you.

Hearken your hymn of praise,
Penates! to your shrines I come for rest,
There only to be found. Often at eve,
As in my wanderings I have seen far off
Some lonely light that spake of comfort there,

* It is not certainly known under what form the Penates were worshipped; according to some, as wooden or brazer rods shaped like trumpets; according to others, they were represented as young men.

† The Saturnalia.

It told my heart of many a joy of home,
When I was homeless. Often as I gazed
From some high eminence on goodly vales
And cots and villages embower'd below,
The thought would rise that all to me was strange
Amid the scene so fair, nor one small spot
Where my tired mind might rest, and call it *Home*.
There is a magic in that little word:
It is a mystic circle that surrounds
Comforts and virtues never known beyond
The hallowed limit. Often has my heart
Ached for that quiet haven! Haven'd now,
I think of those in this world's wilderness
Who wander on and find no home of rest
Till to the grave they go: them Poverty,
Hollow-eyed fiend, the child of Wealth and Power,
Bad offspring of worse parents, aye afflicts,
Cankering with her foul mildews the chill'd heart;..
Them Want with scorpion scourge drives to the den
Of Guilt;..them Slaughter for the price of death
Throws to her raven brood. Oh, not on them,
God of eternal Justice! not on them
Let fall thy thunder!

Household Deities!

Then only shall be Happiness on earth
When man shall feel your sacred power, and love
Your tranquil joys; then shall the city stand
A huge void sepulchre, and on the site
Where fortresses and palaces have stood,
The olive grow, there shall the Tree of Peace
Strike its roots deep and flourish. This the state
Shall bless the race redeem'd of Man, when Wealth

And Power and all their hideous progeny
Shall sink annihilate, and all mankind
Live in the equal brotherhood of love.
Heart-calming hope, and sure ! for hitherward
Tend all the tumults of the troubled world,
Its woes, its wisdom, and its wickedness
Alike ; . . so He hath will'd, whose will is just.

Meantime, all hoping and expecting all
In patient faith, to you, Domestic Gods !
Studious of other lore than song, I come.
Yet shall my Heart remember the past years
With honest pride, trusting that not in vain
Lives the pure song of Liberty and Truth.

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